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Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

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"Don Quixote," translated by Samuel Putnam. *(See page 8)*

A Study in Misunderstanding

By A. DEN DOOLAARD

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"I found the account fascinating reading to the point that I walked the sidewalks with my nose buried in it."

THIS WAS the spontaneous comment of the secretary to a high-ranking U. S. General in acknowledging an advance copy of THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA which had arrived while the General was absent. His reaction has been shared by many of the people to whom copies of the book were sent before publication.

"It has all the human interest elements, conflict, sympathy, horror and mystery . . . thrills the reader with suspense . . . ensnares the reader's interest at the beginning and holds it fascinated until the dramatic end."—*Lee Loevinger*

"No one could or should miss one word . . ."—*Mary R. Beard*

"I took the book home with me last night and did not get to sleep until I had finished every word."—*Donald B. Hirsch*

". . . terrific . . . fascinating . . . well-presented . . ."—*Bill Ballance*

". . . . has pace and punch . . ."
—*Willard Hurst*

"I am so intrigued that I am urging everyone I know to read it."
—*John Dales, Jr.*

". . . brilliant writing . . . an appeal to the very core of the American ethical tradition."—*Arnold Bergstraesser*

"Compelling . . . informative . . . frightening reading . . . a great piece of reporting."
—*Bill Cunningham*, BOSTON HERALD

". . . lucid, fascinating, and very moving."—*Herbert Solow*

". . . more absorbing than a good novel and, of course, much more thought provoking."—*Zenas Sears*

". . . a gripping story . . . exceedingly well written . . . factual, dispassionate, and engrossing."—*Gordon Johnston*

". . . so fascinating I couldn't put it down until I had finished it."
—*Avery Craven*

One reader called the book a gripping courtroom drama—and far more than that. The late Mr. Justice Murphy, in a Supreme Court opinion dissenting from the majority refusal to revoke the sentence of Yamashita, warned "stark retribution will be free to masquerade in a cloak of false legalism . . . a procession of judicial lynchings may now follow."

The great issue placed before the American people by this book is whether this nation is willing to accept the practice of settling international questions by "judicial lynchings."

Many who have read the book have expressed their concern over this issue.

". . . makes us wonder: is this . . . the crowning blunder through which we may be forced to pay, and pay through the nose, for all our previous blunders? Whatever happens from now on, we can't kick. If we do, somebody may remind us that this war guilt stuff was our own contribution to the ancient and honorable art of warfare."—*Ralph Chaplin*

". . . represented a sacrifice of everything for which we professed to fight the war."—*C. D. Williams*

"The decision in the Yamashita case may come back to plague us in the future."—*J. Maurice Wormser*

"I read the book with an absorption so intense that it is difficult to describe. The story is terrifying . . . a disgrace to the nation."—*John Haynes Holmes*

". . . will shock those who believe in the dignity of man . . . lays bare a humiliating chapter of human behavior bordering on bestiality, all done under the guise of American military jurisprudence."
—*Bernard R. Dick*

"There can be no question that in history we shall be condemned for betraying our own honor and ideals."—*J. R. Vaughan*

"I read the book with absorbed interest . . . When I had finished, I scarcely knew whether I was more moved to weep that so many distinguished Americans had participated in prostituting justice to vengeance or to cheer the magnificent job done by Mr. Reel and his colleagues . . . After this, no American general or president will dare to surrender . . . Such is the nature of war that a triumphant enemy on the precedent of the Yamashita case can find plenty of grounds for hanging the loser."—*Norman Thomas*

"The trial of General Yamashita marks a great turning point in the history of American jurisprudence. In this fateful case the protective usages painfully developed over centuries were abandoned . . ."—*J. M. Lalley*

"This is a most impressive and disquieting record which I am afraid will haunt our consciences and embarrass our actions in times to come."
—*Hans J. Morgenthau*

"This is an important book. It should shock the conscience of the American people."—*Edward Levi*

"The majority opinion in the appeal to the Supreme Court seems to make a travesty of our Bill of Rights . . . The implications of this case are frightening."
—*George H. Wyatt*

"Every peasant, coolie, soldier, merchant, and scholar in the whole Far East knows the American trial of General Yamashita as Americans would know a Chinese trial of General Eisenhower. Read THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA to know what they know, for it is causing and will explain much that will involve American lives in the Pacific."—*Rose Wilder Lane*, ECONOMIC COUNCIL REVIEW OF BOOKS, September, 1949

But not all those who have read THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA have been so concerned about it. A few have wondered why anyone should care what the American army did to Japanese generals after they surrendered. Why not hang them? was their attitude. Why bother to write and publish and read books on this subject?

This question has been answered:

"Nothing I have seen for a long time could contribute more effectively to the education of Americans and to the healing of those wounds of war which really fester."—*George N. Shuster*

"I recommend this courageous book to all who love liberty and the Anglo-Saxon conception of justice."—*H. S. Merrell*

"A real public service . . . It expanded my knowledge, deepened my understanding, and stimulated my thoughts."
—*Walter Gellhorn*

"A book every American ought to read . . . It is interesting to see how the age-old doctrine of the divine right of kings entered into even the background of this trial."—*G. Paul Butler*

". . . a landmark in the fight for civil liberties of all people."—*Leon J. Kowal*

"The American public will read this book avidly."—*Louis Gottschalk*

THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA

by A. Frank Reel

At all bookstores, $4.00
The University of Chicago Press

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This Week

September 24, 1949

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low; Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum; Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 39, September 24, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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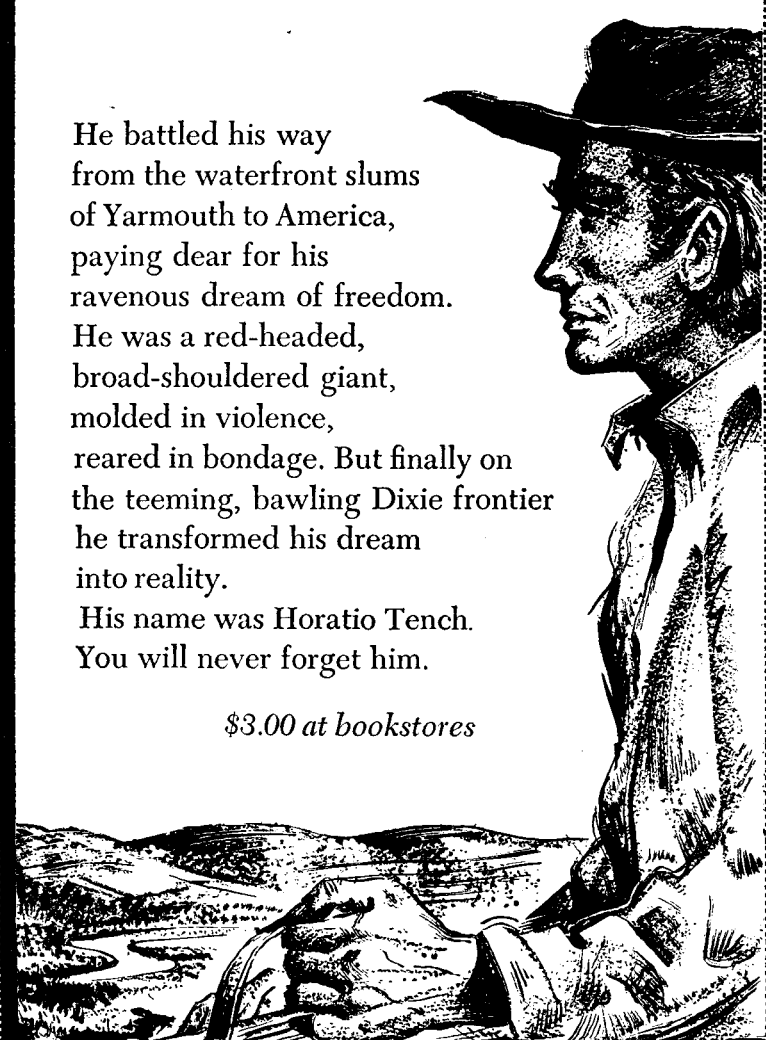
a new novel by the author of
STARS IN MY CROWN

The
Freeholder
by
JOE DAVID BROWN



He battled his way
from the waterfront slums
of Yarmouth to America,
paying dear for his
ravenous dream of freedom.
He was a red-headed,
broad-shouldered giant,
molded in violence,
reared in bondage. But finally on
the teeming, bawling Dixie frontier
he transformed his dream
into reality.
His name was Horatio Tench.
You will never forget him.

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MORROW

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TRADE Winds

AT ONE END OF Billy Rose's residence in Mt. Kisco there is a rumpus room—a modest structure barely larger than the arena of Madison Square Garden—and the most conspicuous object in the room is a huge wheel of chance, one of those affairs decorated with strips of mirror and glass beads, with iron pegs around the perimeter, and a leather thong that slows up the wheel's motion and finally stops it at one of seventy-one number combinations printed between the pegs. Mr. Rose's particular wheel of chance won honorable retirement at the Fort Worth Exposition, where hundreds of thousands of eager Texans produced thin dimes—the tenth part of a dollar—for chances to win boxes of bacon. "The odds against them," said Billy with a reminiscent gleam, "were seventy-one to one, and since the prize boxes of bacon for which they competed cost me ten cents apiece, they virtually were playing that seventy-one-to-one chance to get their money back."

"The scheme sounds reasonably safe," I said.

"Yes," agreed Billy, patting the wheel fondly, "it was almost as good as the slot machines. But the machines spun faster, and there were more of them. In fact, they were all over the park. I'll never forget the day one sucker hit the jackpot."

"Were the authorities surprised?" I asked.

"I think so," said Billy. "They called out the Texas Rangers." . . .

ABE BURROWS SAUNTERED into the Rose play room at this point and enchanted the gathering with a cowboy lament that went something like this:

Loping along, loping along the prairee,
I'm a lonesome stone that gathers no moss.
Loping along and feeling mighty weary
Cause I'm loping along without a hoss.

Rose thereupon sang a song of his that included the couplet

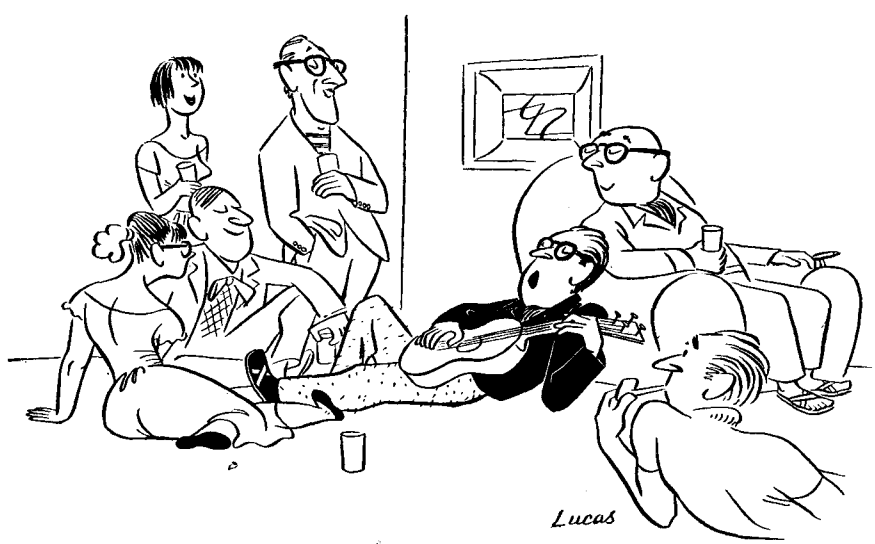
When Baby shook her ukulele
Barnum said goodbye to Bailey.

And on that happy note we went in to see the prevue of the most beguiling English movie I've come across in a long time. It was called "Whiskey Galore" for the home market, but over here it will be released as "Tight Little Island." One of the authors is the Compton Mackenzie who wrote "Sinister Street." Watch for it! . . .

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE White Swan Tavern in Bucks County recently bought a couple of live swans and erected a sign advertising the fact. He is gratified, but puzzled by the attention the sign is getting from literati in the neighborhood, who bring all their friends around to laugh with them. The sign reads, "Come and see the swan's." . . . Joe Margolies, canny buyer for Brentano's, has been picking up copies of George Orwell's "Animal Farm" in lots of ten for nineteen cents a copy at a Sixth Avenue remainder shop, and selling them at the regular price of $1.75. The solid success of Orwell's "Nineteen Eighty-Four," however, has stimulated the demand for "Animal Farm," so now Joe buys it in lots of twenty-five, and gets them even cheaper—for fifteen cents a copy, to be exact. "Any chance of the supply falling short?" I asked. "Heck, no," said Joe. "They've still got a couple of thousand of them piled up on the shelf." . . .

DAPHNE DU MAURIER'S "The Parasites," her first modern novel since "Rebecca," will be published by Gollancz in London in October, but will not appear in America until January (Doubleday). . . . Thomas Merton's "The Seven Storey Mountain" has been retitled "Elected Silence" for the English edition. . . . When Doris and Nunnally Johnson's son Scott was christened a few months ago, his godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Emmett Dolan, gave him his own book-of-the-month club. By arrangement with Martindale's Book Store in Beverly Hills, young Scott will receive every month for the next nine years one of the classics of childhood. By the time he's ten he should have as fine a juvenile library as there is in the country! This strikes me as a wonderful notion—and one that offers great possibilities to alert booksellers. . . . John Hutchens reports that a man intent upon reading up on locusts was annoyed by the cost of books covering the subject, and declared forcefully, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cicada." . . . And H. W. Tichenor, of Aurora, N. C., asks for more "Corn But Not Forgotten" columns. He says they fill him with amaizement. . . . Paul Smith can't understand how a certain downtown publishing colossus, famed for its niggardly discount policy, has escaped mention in the investigation of prominent "five-percenters." . . .

ONE OF OUR MOST distinguished humorists won't kid around with Kathleen Norris again in a hurry. Mrs. Norris was window-shopping on Fifth Avenue when the humorist sneaked up behind her and gave her a playful pinch on the derriere. Mrs. Norris had seen his reflection in the mirror, however. She whirled around, threw her arms about his neck, and cried at the top of her lungs, "After seven years, Sullivan, you monster, I have found you! How dared you desert me and our three innocent, starving babes so heartlessly? Jail is too good for a scoundrel like you." Passersby clucked sympathetically, and a policeman approached to seek the cause of the excitement. The red-faced humorist mumbled, "I can explain all, my darling," and managed to hustle Miss



"A-rise, ye pris'ners of star-va-tion! A-rise, ye wretch-ed of the earth!"

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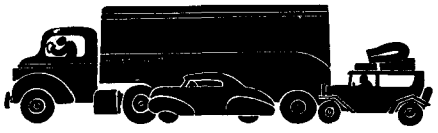
Norris into Saks Fifth Avenue. It cost him an elaborate luncheon at "21." . . .

THINK YOU'D LIKE to operate a retail bookshop some day? Bob Campbell, president of the American Booksellers' Association, quotes a recent survey to the effect that retail bookselling is forty-ninth in the matter of net profit in a list of fifty of the retail fields in the United States! . . . A *New Republic* correspondent asked a fellow writer in Washington to name the most electrifying news break of the decade. The unhesitating reply was "the 150-foot slip in Niagara Falls." The fellow writer, it developed, was a roving editor of the *National Geographic*. . . . Complacent note from the *Christian Digest*: "Voltaire said

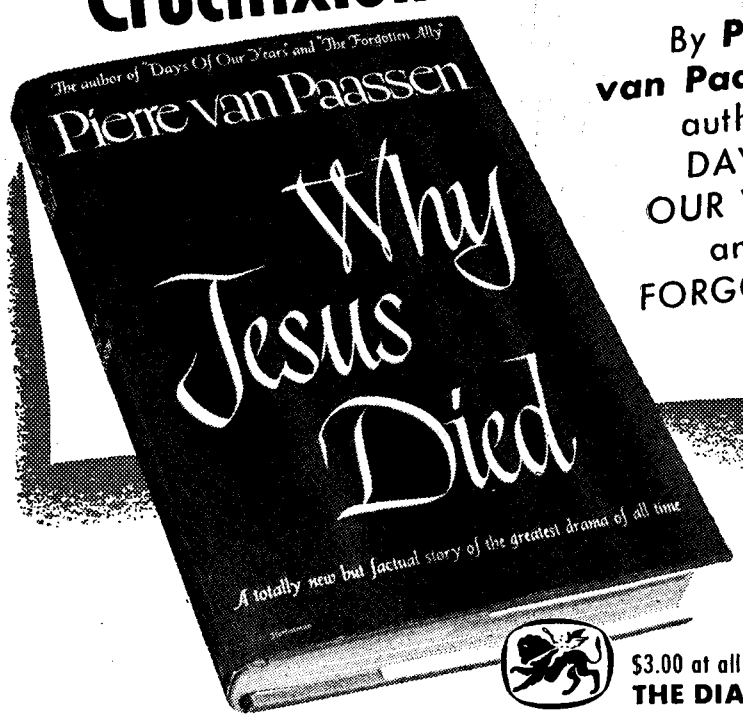


that in 100 years the Bible would be an outmoded and forgotten book to be found only in museums. When the hundred years were up, Voltaire's house was owned and used by the Geneva Bible Society, and recently ninety-two of Voltaire's works were sold in one lot at an auction for two dollars!" . . . "The reason I am dubious about most books about country living," says James Gordon, author of the debunking "Escape from Vermont," "is because in nearly every Vermont picture book there's a photograph of a certain church. The idea the reader is supposed to get is that this church typifies Vermont. Nobody goes on to explain that, as a matter of fact, this particular church has been a summer theatre for the past five years." . . .

WHEN DETROIT'S Malcolm Bingay was a cub reporter, he was sent one day to interview the famous Buffalo Bill. "To my disappointment," says Bingay, "I found the old boy as temperamental as a grand-opera prima donna—and strictly ham." Press Agent Dexter Fellows agreed emphatically with Bingay's estimate. He recalled a morning Bill was sauntering down a station platform when a cowhand opened a window and let flow a stream of terbaccy juice. It landed on Bill's cream-white Stetson. Bill kicked up such a row the management had to take extraordinary measures to appease him. Fellows went back to the car where the printing was done and had signs made to be tacked on the walls of every car in the show train. They read, "Expectorating on Colonel Cody's head is strictly forbidden."

—Bennett Cerf.

The book that proves the Jews were not responsible for the Crucifixion of Jesus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death has seven faces

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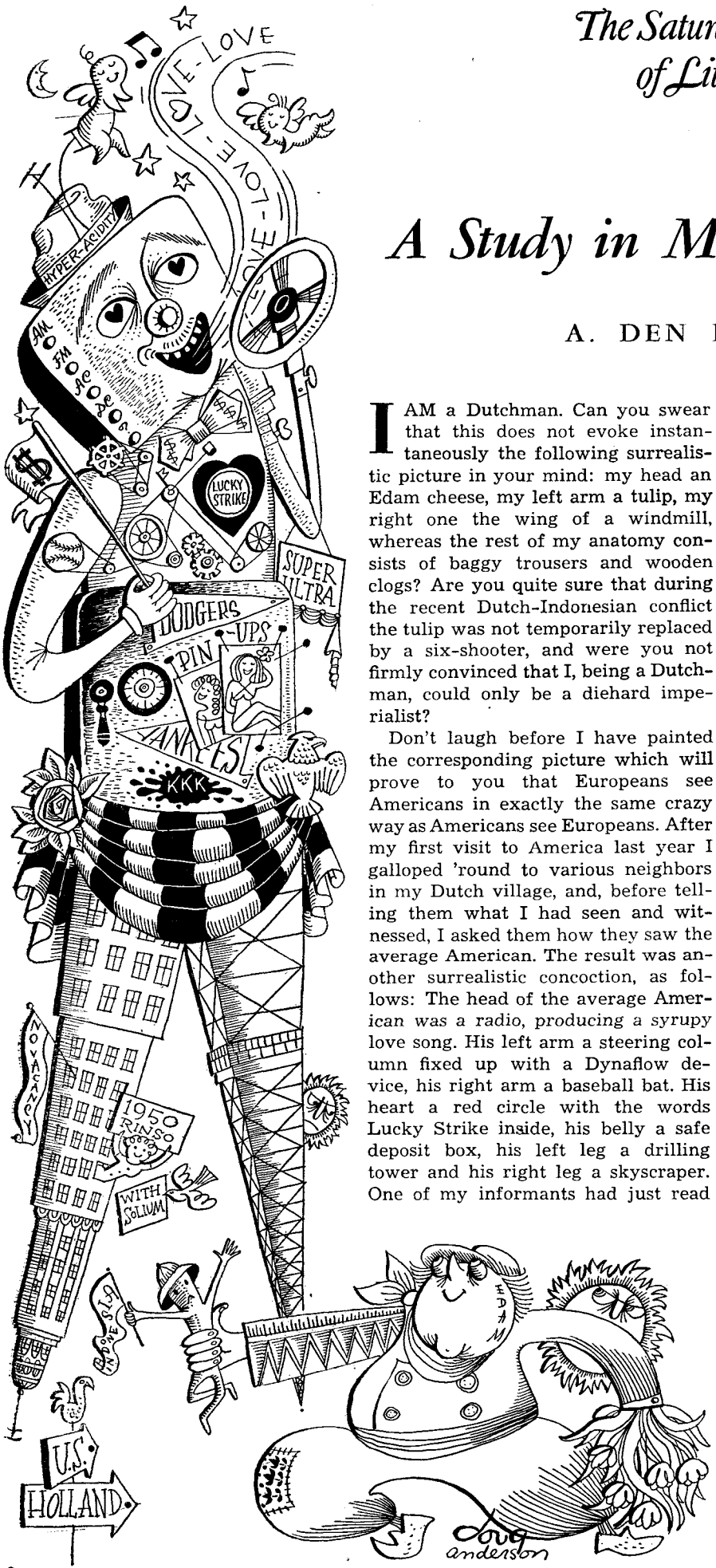
The Saturday Review of Literature

A Study in Misunderstanding

A. DEN DOOLAARD



I AM a Dutchman. Can you swear that this does not evoke instantaneously the following surrealistic picture in your mind: my head an Edam cheese, my left arm a tulip, my right one the wing of a windmill, whereas the rest of my anatomy consists of baggy trousers and wooden clogs? Are you quite sure that during the recent Dutch-Indonesian conflict the tulip was not temporarily replaced by a six-shooter, and were you not firmly convinced that I, being a Dutchman, could only be a diehard imperialist?

Don't laugh before I have painted the corresponding picture which will prove to you that Europeans see Americans in exactly the same crazy way as Americans see Europeans. After my first visit to America last year I galloped 'round to various neighbors in my Dutch village, and, before telling them what I had seen and witnessed, I asked them how they saw the average American. The result was another surrealistic concoction, as follows: The head of the average American was a radio, producing a syrupy love song. His left arm a steering column fixed up with a Dynaflow device, his right arm a baseball bat. His heart a red circle with the words Lucky Strike inside, his belly a safe deposit box, his left leg a drilling tower and his right leg a skyscraper. One of my informants had just read in his newspaper something about Negro-baiting in the South, and he substituted for the crooning radio a white hood with two holes.

These pictures are a beautiful example, not of empirical but of mythical thinking. The myth, at its best, is made up of one part prejudice and two parts illusion. With people who have a nasty mind and moreover regularly read the Hearst press, the concoction is the other way 'round.

There is one other striking thing about these myths: their dimensions. The average American is convinced that Europe is a small place, and in a wholly illogical way he is apt to think that Europeans must be small too. A Texan I met last year needed three double whiskeys to help him swallow the measurable truth that I as a European stood an inch over six feet in my socks. Vice versa, Europeans think of America as something enormous.

In the mind's eye of the average European (west of the Iron Curtain) the average American therefore looms much larger than lifesize—at least as large as that stupendous lady, the Statue of Liberty. She is admittedly a woman, although nobody would dare to think of her as such any more, hiding as she does in her enormous bosom an elevator shaft and various other technical devices. Opposite the Manhattan skyscrapers she easily holds her own, but at the entrance of any European harbor she would look perfectly ludicrous.

Why? Not because the Hudson estuary is any larger than several European estuaries. It is not. The answer is simply that the days of the European giants are over, and that Europeans are aware of it. Hercules, after having deposited his famous pillars at the entrance of the Mediterranean, soon realized that Europe had become too small for him. He smuggled himself into the United States during the pre-quota period and changed his name to Paul Bunyan. When the American GI's, passing through Lon-

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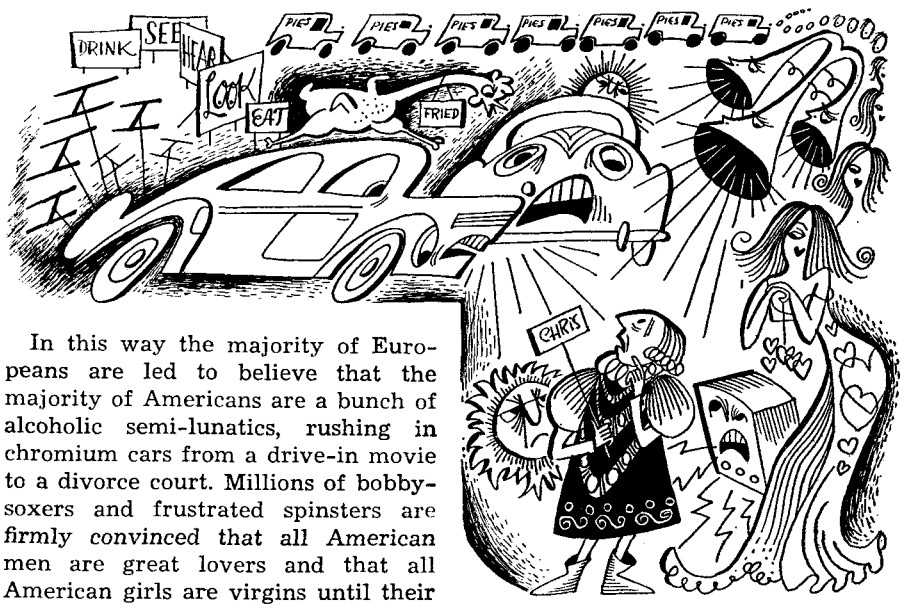
don on their homeward journey after having conquered Germany single-handed, wanted to cart off the dial of Big Ben in order to use it as a wrist watch for Miss Liberty, Londoners were more saddened than outraged. In their heart of hearts they knew the Joes were right. After all, Big Ben had been built at a time when an American suggestion to devalue the august British pound would have amounted to a declaration of war. What Sir Stafford Cripps thinks about similar suggestions today he keeps to his austere self.

But show an American dollar to any European, and his eyes will become as large and round as the wheel of fortune it represents for him. He will hardly look at thin-lipped George Washington or at the hodge-podge of semi-cabalistic-free-masonic-heraldic symbols the greenback is adorned with, because his eyes are blinded by a glittering vision. He will see enormous cars, skyscrapers that reach to the moon, monstrous combines rushing through wheatfields bigger than his own small country, and girls with endless legs digging their proudly pointed bosoms into his ribs aching for the kind of love that the Johnson Office has shelved between the coils of its hypocritical icebox. His wife will see her American rival moving swiftly on four-inch heels through her mechanized kitchen, deftly setting mysterious dials for a self-cooking dinner. Then an elevator will deposit her on the bearskin rug before her satin bed upon which a fresh pair of Nylon stockings is waiting for her.

WHY, the civilized, book-reading American will ask, do Europeans entertain such crazy thoughts? Don't they know that the minimum wage in this country was, until very recently, fixed at forty cents an hour, and that the income of the average American is little more than $1,400 a year? Have they never heard about the Dust Bowl and the Great Depression? Surely Steinbeck and Erskine Caldwell have been translated, and, if what we have heard is true, European publishers are fighting each other tooth and nail to grab the copyrights of "The Naked and the Dead" and "The Seven Storey Mountain"!

The answer is that the projection of a nation on the mind of other nations is usually determined not by qualitative factors. For every copy of Emerson, Melville, Hemingway, or the Beards sold in Europe the news agents sell a thousand copies of the "slicks" and of *Time* and *Life*. On top of that comes the projection of dozens of Hollywood films a year. The result is a series of illusions, all erroneous but equally compelling.



In this way the majority of Europeans are led to believe that the majority of Americans are a bunch of alcoholic semi-lunatics, rushing in chromium cars from a drive-in movie to a divorce court. Millions of bobby-soxers and frustrated spinsters are firmly convinced that all American men are great lovers and that all American girls are virgins until their wedding night. And even the second, female, part of the Kinsey report will not be able to disillusion them. They won't read it, and even if they do Don Ameche will sing their doubts away.

Mass illusions are universal. Still, I dare to pretend that, if ever there was a continent that as a whole fell a victim to continuous mass illusion, it was not America but Europe.

Europe's first mass illusion was that America did not exist. The dreamland of medieval European man stretched far away into the fabulous East. In the Asiatic illusion the Holy Grave and the golden roofs of Cathay both played their equal part. When Columbus discovered America he first took it for the Far East and ultimately came to the conclusion that it was a hostile barrier reef cutting him off from his lifelong dream. Columbus's desperate search for the Biblical paradise on the shores of the Caribbean Sea was the last tragic attempt on the part of a European to transfer the Asiatic mass illusion to America. His successors were wiser: they left the spiritual component of the illusion behind and straightaway went looking for gold.

During the nineteenth century the European mass illusion had completely migrated westward. Already centuries ago it had been amputated of its spiritual part, and in the heydays of materialism it was, of course, impossible to bring back this spiritual element into the picture. Henceforth the European dream found its fulfilment in the gaping admiration of American millionaires.

But man cannot live by bread alone. By reason of the time lag that conditions the duration of all mass illusions the European mind once more stretched its antennae towards the East, in its search for the spiritual elements without which no mass illusion is complete. Many Europeans suddenly found it in Soviet Russia, and it can safely be said that during the Twenties of this century a considerable portion of the European intellectuals were fellow travelers. Since then the majority of these illusionists have discovered to their dismay that the living conditions in their Eastern dreamland were pitifully inadequate. Many of those former drawing-room Communists are now dabbling in Eastern Wisdom. They revere Gandhi, although they would never think of skipping a meal themselves. And when they are through with their daily portion of Lao-tse they feast their eyes on the culinary color ads in the slicks.

At the same time millions of European workers still staunchly believe in the wonderland of the Five Pointed Red Star. But even these zealots of a proletarian paradise, which, as they think, will put an end to the injustices of the capitalistic system, quite often secretly dream of a small American car. There is an ironic fact which the Ford dynasty does not realize: when they abolished the Model T they took away a cheap and effective capitalistic sop to the disgruntled European worker.

In this way the dream of the European is torn in two. This dualistic character of the present-day European mass illusion has, however, two terrible consequences. First of all, the European has become a schizophrenic without realizing it, and the partition of Europe along the river Elbe is only a threatening political symbol of this mental rift. Secondly, it condemns America in the European mind to 100 per-cent avid and ruthless materialism. When Asia is the altar, America cannot be anything but the money bag. And America is doing little or nothing to fight this partly erroneous

(*Continued on page 39*)

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Belles-Lettres.

For nearly three and a half centuries Miguel de Cervantes's "Don Quixote" has been part of the fabric of Western culture. To most men he is a laughable yet pathetic knight in rusty armor, quixotically (yes, that is the word!) tilting with windmills. To students of history he is something more: the symbol of the decay of the Middle Ages, the protagonist of a deathless satire on chivalric romance and extravagant idealism. Virtually since his birth, "Don Quixote" has been available to readers of English, but it was not until this week, with the publication of Samuel Putnam's new translation (see below), that we have him in a form which is fully worthy of the original. . . . In another new book, "The Creative Experiment," C. M. Bowra writes discerningly about six modern poets, most notably about T. S. Eliot.

Essence of a Great Human Spirit

DON QUIXOTE. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Translated by Samuel Putnam. New York: The Viking Press. Vol. I. 489 pp. Vol. II, 554 pp. $10 the set.

By Herschel Brickell

HERE at long, long last is an English version of the first modern novel that is worthy of the original, and the publication of Mr. Putnam's superb translation, a labor of love that lasted some sixteen years, ought to be the occasion for public rejoicing. One may say without hesitation that the present version meets with conspicuous success the translator's two tests of scholarly accuracy and of readability, and that Mr. Putnam has, in effect, given back to the people a book filled with humor and wisdom which they received as their own immediately upon its publication.

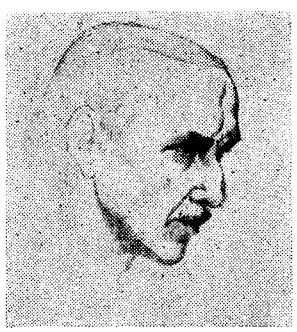
The masterwork of Cervantes, long since covered by a cloud of superlatives from the most noted authorities of all the countries where the art of criticism is practised, is one of the world's books every literate person knows about, but which has actually been read in its complete version by relatively few. Granting all its faults, its unevenness, its extremely loose construction, and the inclusion of interpolated tales that are without bearing upon the main narrative, it remains so much the distilled essence of a great human spirit that to know it no better than piecemeal is hardly to know it at all.

But until this moment, those who might have wished to savor it whole have been faced with serious problems, so that we may well be merciful in our judgments if they ended in defeat. For to know the novel agreeably and satisfactorily in its native Castilian calls for considerably more of a mastery of the language than is attained by most people who study it, and to know it in English has not been easy, either. The hard alternative for those without Spanish has been to seek with some pains one of the better of the earlier translations, most of them out of print, or to have to be satisfied with such popular versions as the Motteux-Ozell, which because it is done in a spirit of broad burlesque, wholly traduces the original.

That Mr. Putnam's should be the first translation of "Don Quixote" ever done by an American ought to be a source of pride to all of us, not merely to Cervantists. And that one may prophesy comfortably its acceptance as definitive caps the importance of its appearance. It is true that England has far outnumbered us from the beginning in the number of ranking Hispanophiles and Cervantists, but Mr. Putnam is heir to a fine tradition which began with Ticknor, and which has continued with such scholars as the late Rudolph Schevill.

In fact, one of the advantages the present translation has over any of its predecessors is that Mr. Putnam availed himself of the textual studies on which Schevill spent a large part of his life, in cooperation with Adolfo Bonilla y San Martin, so that his claims to more accurate readings of disputed passages rest upon the work of a fellow American, whose book on Cervantes remains one of the best.

To those unfamiliar with the fascinating history of "Don Quixote," there may be some curiosity as to why we have had to wait so long for a trans-



THE TRANSLATOR: The translator's lot is not a happy one. "There is neither recognition nor monetary rewards," notes Samuel Putnam, who, besides "Don Quixote," on which he has been laboring *con amore* for sixteen years, has rendered into English about thirty-five French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese works, including the complete Rabelais. "It is probably a compliment when a translation isn't noticed. But if one is really a translator he can't keep away from it anyway. It's something like opium." Putnam's addiction to exotic tongues dates back to age nine, when an old German shoemaker in the Central Illinois village where he was born taught him a few Bavarian words. At twelve he was studying Latin and Greek, and in a hayloft shortly after he peeked into Rabelais, *raison d'être* some years later for his sojourn in France among the "lost generation." His first translations —Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Huysmans—were for the *Double Dealer*, of New Orleans, and other little magazines. A reporter, immersed in the "Chicago Renaissance" of the Twenties, he became founding, and finishing, editor of the meteoric *Youth*, which ignited the "young magazine" craze, and sporadically thereafter he found himself on the mastheads of flickering literary publications here and abroad. Among them, within the thousand words or so he allows for himself in his "autobiographical" "Paris Was Our Mistress," he mentions *This Quarter*, where he introduced James Farrell, and "that storm center of things in the American colony" *New Review*. Meanwhile from 1929 to 1934, when he returned to America, he contributed art criticism to U. S. metropolitan newspapers and an Italian letter to *SRL*. Since 1935 he has been editor of the Brazilian literature section of the American Council of Learned Societies, and in 1946 the State Department sent him as exchange professor to the University of Brazil in Rio and the Escola Livre de Sociologia e Política in Sao Paulo. He plans to divide his time between them annually from May to November, but at present he is doing an anthology of contemporary Brazilian literature on a Guggenheim. And, just to keep his mind limber, he is learning Rumanian.—R.G.

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—Doré illustration from Culver Service.

"Sancho ran as fast as his ass could drive."

lation as good this one. Part of the answer at least lies in the extraordinary immediate popularity of Part One, which, appearing in 1605, was within the space of three years known and talked about throughout Europe. Translations began to appear as quickly as hacks could be put to work, and it is probable that Thomas Shelton had finished the first Englishing of the book by 1608, although it was not actually published until 1612. The world was eagerly awaiting Part Two when it appeared in 1615, and it was as quickly—and as badly—done into the principal languages of the Continent.

With these hack translations available, and satisfactory enough to the wide public which took the book to its heart, there was little temptation for serious scholars to undertake the monumental task of doing a first-rate piece of work. The Motteux, already mentioned as still one of the most popular, was "done by various hands" under the supervision of Peter Motteux, a tea merchant, in 1700, and it was not until forty-two years later that the first really respectable English translation was completed by Charles Jervas, who has come down to us as Jervis. Jervis's version had the merit of accuracy, and has remained standard for this reason.

As Mr. Putnam points out in his fine introduction, it was not, however, until the 1880's that English scholars of the first order set themselves the task of rendering into the tongue a book that had not only delighted and comforted hundreds of thousands of readers, but which tremendously influenced the growth of the novel, both in England and the Colonies. No book of the period was any better known here than "Don Quixote," and the early days of our literature are filled with obvious imitations, such as Hugh Henry Brackenridge's "Modern Chivalry."

In 1885 John Ormsby's careful and scholarly English made its appearance and was at once popular both in England and here. It was the best before the appearance of the Putnam version, although it was followed by a number of others, the latest that of Robinson Smith in 1905, which, while admirable in many respects, erred, as Mr. Putnam points out, by being somewhat stiff and also obviously mannered in an attempt to catch the spirit of the times, a fault to be found with most of the translations.

In this respect, Mr. Putnam has properly preferred to take in complete seriousness Cervantes's warning "all affectation is bad" and to give an ease and modernity to the language which never goes too far in the direction of becoming over-colloquial or too familiar. He had reduced the use of "thee" and "thou" to reasonable bounds, and has made here and there slight rearrangements of sentences, with a distinct gain for the reader and no loss to the author.

He has taken sound middle ground with respect to accepting earlier translations which might not have been entirely accurate, but which have by now taken on meanings that cannot very well be discarded without making the translator seem to be striving for accuracy and originality at the risk of appearing pedantic. In short, this is a translation done with full respect for the obligations of the scholar to do no violence to an original, but with the balance always in favor of the spirit rather than the letter, which is all to the advantage of the reader.

Along with many of us, Mr. Putnam has been exasperated with the usual "translation" of the title of the well-known interpolated story called in Spanish "El Curioso Impertinente," as "The Curious Impertinent," a meaningless and ungrammatical phrase in English. Ormsby calls it "The Tale of the Ill-Advised Curiosity," which is at least permissible, but Mr. Putnam really puts it into English when he entitles it "The Story of One Who Was Too Curious for His Own Good." This is a fair example of the sensible attitude with which the work has been accomplished throughout.

The introduction, a biographical sketch of Cervantes, and the notes, ample but not excessive, are all intended for the average reader, and are without exception admirably handled.

Mr. Putnam asks the question in the introduction: "Does Cervantes have a message for this age?" One can only hope that he does, for was there ever a time when reality and illusion were so hard to distinguish, and what is much more to the point, has there ever been a time when the courage, the humor, the profound wisdom, and the great kindness of Miguel Cervantes have been so badly needed by all of us?

Herschel Brickell has served as cultural relations officer at the United States Embassy in Colombia and has translated a number of works from English into Spanish.

—Vanderbanck illustration from Bettmann Archive.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza

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Six Modern Poets

THE CREATIVE EXPERIMENT. By C. M. Bowra. New York: The Macmillan Co. 255 pp. $4.75.

By David Daiches

PROFESSOR BOWRA is probably unique among modern critics. A first-rate classical scholar, he is at the same time a brilliant student of modern European languages and their literature, and he thus has a profound sense of the European tradition in poetry from its origins in Greece and Rome to its most recent manifestations. I know of no other critic writing today of whom it can be said with equal confidence that he is truly at home in European literature as a whole—from Sophocles to T. S. Eliot, from Homer to Pasternak. In his introductory chapter to this study of six modern poets Mr. Bowra remarks: "Works like 'The Divine Comedy' and 'Don Juan' are extremely hazardous experiments in their rejection of current forms and standards, but they have succeeded beyond criticism and taken their place as classics. The past too has its failures. When the Athenian poet Timotheus tried to combine the grand manner of lyrical poetry with a strident realism, his failure was disastrous. Mallarmé's "Un Coup de Dès" shows how sadly a great poet can fail when he pushes his theories too far and tries to write something which consists only of hints." In most modern critics the juxtaposition of Timotheus and Mallarmé would have been pure exhibitionism; but when Bowra does it, it is an honest and perceptive observation arising out of his effortless control over his material.

The great merit of this study of new creative forces in modern literature thus lies in its combination of rich scholarship and wide vision with a warm sympathy for those poets who break the bounds of convention to widen the sphere of art. Most self-consciously avant-garde critics have a smattering of classical and linguistic equipment which they parade with offensive exhibitionism and complete lack of perspective. Bowra is a standing reproach to those who would equate scholarship with critical reaction and who assume that an arrogant dilettantism is the proper equipment for a critic of modern poetry.

Professor Bowra discusses Constantine Cavafy, the modern Greek poet, Guillaume Apollinaire, the Russian poets Mayakovsky and Pasternak, Eliot's "The Waste Land," and the Spanish poets Lorca and Alberti. In each case his purpose is in the first place to show us the poet's problem, his position in the face of his medium, and his equipment, and then show how he solved it, how he handled or developed his medium and his equipment, by a lively yet careful analysis of individual poems. Sometimes, we feel, he is almost too sympathetic, and the critic is lost in the interpreter. His thirty-page analysis of "The Waste Land"—incidentally, by far the most complete and perceptive discussion of the poem that has yet appeared—almost rewrites the poem (in prose) out of a zeal to make sure that the reader sees what Eliot is getting at and appreciates his skill and the appropriateness of his imagery.

The main thing, however, is that Professor Bowra (who is, perhaps I should mention, warden of Wadham College, Oxford, and professor of poetry at Oxford) understands the creative process and writes about these poets with the insight of one who has followed their wrestling with their visions with warm sympathy. If the discussion is often less criticism than interpretation, it is no less valuable for that. Altogether, "The Creative Experiment" stands beside Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle" (and probably above it) as an essential book for anybody interested in what has happened to European literature.

David Daiches is a member of the Department of English at Cornell.

The Sea, Polynesia, Hawaii . . .

THE SPELL OF THE PACIFIC: An Anthology of Its Literature. Edited by Carl Stroven and A. Grove Day. New York: The Macmillan Co. 940 pp. $6.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

THE editors of this book, both professors of English in the University of Hawaii, tell us that the Pacific covers "a third of the surface of the globe—an area greater than that of all the continents," but they have limited their anthology's scope to writing concerned with or stemming from "the Sea, Polynesia, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and the Philippine Islands." Within these generous boundaries they have assembled a mass of interesting, varied material—dating from the days of Magellan to those of Karl Shapiro and Ira Wolfert—and have furnished their selections with introductory comment.

Blight's story of the *Bounty* mutiny is supplemented by Sir John Barrow's account (from which Nordhoff and Hall took their cue) of what happened to the *Bounty*'s survivors; Mark Twain scoops the world with his journalistic story of the burning of the *Hornet* and the amazing, murderous, 4,000-mile, longboat voyage of the ship's survivors from the Galapagos to Hawaii; while the report of the wreck of the *Essex*, destroyed by a whale, shows us one of the sources of "Moby-Dick." Relations of Bougainville, Perouse, James Cook, and William Dampier, Pigafetta's description of Magellan's death in the Philippines, Tasman's record of misadventure at Murderer's Bay, and Darwin's account of his visit to New Zealand, in 1835, are among the factual narratives. Fiction includes Stevenson's "The Bottle Imp," Melville's "The *Town-Ho*'s Story," and such tall tales from Australia as "The Golden Shanty" and "The Loaded Dog."

Best of the poems, probably, are Kenneth Slessor's "Five Visions of Captain Cook" and Shapiro's "New Guinea." Other notable contributions are Asterisk's acrid letters from the New Hebrides and Henry Adams's view of Robert Louis Stevenson and his wife on Apia. There is, in short, something in this big book for almost every kind of reader, but it strikes me that the anthropologists in the Pacific have been unhappily skipped.

Epitomes

By Harold Zlotnik

NO verities are quite as terse
As stars upon the page of night
And none concise and true as those
The crescent moon will always write,

Or those the sun and clouds prepare
In thin gray statements of a dawn;
No more laconic is the thought
Inherent in a moving fawn,

Or in the arc a gull will pen
In swooping and in gliding by,
Or in the motion of a tree
That rubs its back against the sky.

And where in human history
Have we in briefness ever known
The simple pithiness of snow,
Sententiousness of weathered stone?

Nature has learned to state the truth
Succinctly, with a lean retort,
But man dilates and makes verbose
The frailest fact that he is taught.

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The World.

As the year 1950 approaches, men will be sorely tempted to take stock once again of their progress and their direction. Next year we may confidently expect to find our bookshelves and magazine tables crowded with mid-century reappraisals of every facet of our culture. Professor Hans Kohn has beat the gun a bit with "The Twentieth Century" (see page 12), a collection of stimulating essays about the most vital political questions of our day. . . . The battle between Moscow and Rome for the souls of the people of Europe continues as bitter as ever. Lt. Col. Robert G. Emmens's "Guests of the Kremlin" is the story of how Russian inepitude lost a potential convert to Communism, while Avro Manhattan's "The Vatican in World Politics" is a black-and-white picture of the role played today by the Roman Catholic Church.

Rome as Villain

THE VATICAN IN WORLD POLITICS. By Avro Manhattan. New York: Gaer Assoc. 444 pp. $3.75.

By MARTIN EBON

THE recent controversy involving Francis Cardinal Spellman and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt threw the spotlight of public interest on the role of the Roman Catholic Church on the American domestic scene. Action taken by the Communist Government of Czechoslovakia against Catholic personalities and institutions illustrated the worldwide contest between two strongly opposed forces: Communism and Catholicism.

Although Catholicism in our time is a matter of wide and keen interest, it is a field in which inquiry is difficult and rare. In Catholic nations, Catholicism is an everyday matter; it is taken for granted. In a predominantly non-Catholic nation like the United States there exists a curiously emotion-laden aura that surrounds anything having to do with Catholicism; this pattern includes the ambivalent fascination-or-fear attitude that prevails even among some trained observers of religio-social life.

Mr. Manhattan, whose name is not a pseudonym, was born in Italy and now lives in Great Britain, where this book was first published. He has done considerable research on the policies and influence of the Vatican and of the Catholic Church in many parts of the world. But anyone who has been looking for a thoroughly objective book on the subject, for a critical but fair evaluation, will be disappointed. The author has not broken away from the prevailing pattern. On the contrary, he has drawn its outlines more sharply. It is difficult to escape the impression that, to Mr. Manhattan, the Vatican appears like its tried-and-false caricature: inhumanly shrewd, calculating, all-knowing, and rapidly on the way to dominating the entire world.

This sort of presentation comes close to a nursery version of world affairs, the familiar black-and-white coloring we enjoyed in the fairy tales of our childhood. Among adults, and in the events of the day, there remains a tendency to look for a villain whom one may boo, and a hero whom one may applaud. But it isn't that simple. The Spellman-Roosevelt controversy showed that, even at a high level of the Catholic hierarchy, the long-range interests of the Catholic community may be misjudged, and that, far from being of Machiavellian cleverness, official Catholicism can make public-relations blunders, just like anybody else.

In his chapter on the United States the author makes much of the alleged wide influence of the Catholic press. Surely, few students of Catholic publishing in this country will agree with his estimate of its "efficiency" as an "instrument for the furtherance of American Catholicism." Catholic editors have, over the years, quite rightly bewailed the amateurishness and consequent ineffectiveness of much that is written under a Catholic label. Manhattan says that Catholic papers reach "all cultural and political strata." I believe that Catholic publications haven't reached more than a fraction of the approximately 100,000 opinion-making Americans, Catholic or non-Catholic, during the past quarter of a century.

All this does not mean that the author has not assembled an impressive quantity of data. He has done a great amount of work, and, in a way, it is good to have his book on the small shelf of volumes that even attempt to deal with world Catholicism. But he has failed to give an account of the enormous variety of Catholic life, the various shades of social, political, and economic views to be found among world-conscious Catholics; he has selected his material largely from ultra-right sources, and so his book is weighted heavily on the side of the least enlightened and least attractive expressions of Catholic opinion and action.

Martin Ebon is author of "World Communism Today."

—*Acme.*

Aerial view of the Vatican—"a tried-and-false caricature."

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Balance Sheet of the Last 50 Years

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Hans Kohn. New York: The Macmillan Co. 242 pp. $2.50.

By GEOFFREY BRUUN

PROFESSOR KOHN'S exceptional talent for dissecting the tangled ideologies of our time has earned him the lively gratitude of teachers and students of contemporary history. A native of Prague and graduate of its famous university, he came to this country in 1931 after years of observation in Europe, the Near East, and Asia. His incisive studies, from "A History of Nationalism in the East" to "Prophets and Peoples," have run through successive printings and found a place on most library shelves. Or, more exactly, a card in most library catalogues, for the books themselves are in constant circulation.

The present work, like many of Dr. Kohn's score of volumes, is a collection of brilliant essays rather than a unified text. The treatment is analytical and interpretative, not an array of historical events in chronological order. But these fourteen chapters are unified by a dominant theme, "the challenge to Western civilization" presented by the rise of totalitarian dogmas and the dethronement of reason. A profound understanding of modern nationalism in all its phases (a subject on which the author is an acknowledged master) permeates all portions of the book, and readers familiar with Dr. Kohn's earlier studies may recognize some of the arguments and quotations he used in "Force or Reason," "Revolutions and Dictatorships," and "Not by Arms Alone." In these 240 pages he offers a lucid, timely, and inspiring restatement of his mature conclusions, revised and illuminated by his acute appraisal of postwar trends.

"The Twentieth Century" is a dragnet title for a book devoted primarily to concepts of government, and the subtitle, "A Mid-way Account of the Western World," fails to clarify it adequately. Chronologically, the twentieth century has still fifty-one years to run, and its historical limits are thrown further into doubt by the author's surprising assertion that the year 1848 marked "the true beginning of the *nineteenth* century." (Italics mine.) A phrase from the preface, "balance sheet of the last fifty years," would provide a juster label for this book although some of the discussions range back through the centuries.

What Dr. Kohn sought to prepare was not a detailed survey of the modern world with all its complexities but a profit-and-loss statement on the political heritage of Western civilization as it stands today. In this he has succeeded brilliantly. The dangers of Ishmaelitish nationalism, the stark implications of the cult of force, the blight of totalitarianism in all its expressions, Fascism, National Socialism, and Communism, are mercilessly analyzed. Most heartening to Americans are the chapters which reaffirm the validity of democracy and individualism in phrases that rally the reader's morale like trumpet notes on a stricken field. The common mistake committed by the Germans and Russians, Dr. Kohn reminds us pertinently, is that they "took for granted that Western civilization was as much undermined in the West as it was in Germany and Russia." The Germans are already paying for this mistake. If the democratic peoples interpret recent lessons aright and profit by them "the twentieth century can yet become one of peace and the spread of liberty."

Robert G. Emmens: "Communism! Hell."

In a book written with such insight and inspiration it is captious to quarrel with details. One would wish, however, that a few maps had been included, especially to clarify ethnographic frontiers. The typography and proofreading, generally excellent, permitted one slip where "1837" should apparently be 1827. The chapter notes do not always indicate the source of quotations and the occasional mention of foreign works by English titles where no English translation exists can be confusing. This is also true when a variant form of the English title is used. Oswald Spengler's "Jahre der Entscheidung," to take one example, is cited as "Years of Decision" whereas the translation was issued as "The Hour of Decision." The quotations incorporated are always well chosen and are often so arresting that many readers will wish to run them down. More precise notes would simplify this task by always indicating the source and by specifying the cases in which the author has made his own translation.

Geoffrey Bruun is professor of history at Cornell University.

First-Rate Red Blunder

GUESTS OF THE KREMLIN. By Lt. Col. Robert G. Emmens. New York: The Macmillan Co. 291 pp. $3.

By MARK EATON

PUBLIC-relations men have been known to get together over a bit of bourbon, and to talk about lassoing some new clients. Eventually, somebody is sure to come up with a wishful sigh: "How about the Russians? There's an account that certainly needs taking care of badly. But I guess those guys don't want to be told anything." After reading Colonel Emmens's book, the bourbon bridgade has 291 pages of new reasons for feeling the way it does. Soviet propagandists muffed a chance of indoctrinating five men who came to Russia by pure fate, unprejudiced, not particularly well informed, with only a vague feeling for Soviet realities.

Remember the Doolittle mission to Tokyo in 1942? It seems long ago. One of the bombers ran out of gas and had to make an emergency landing in Siberia. Emmens was on this plane. He tells in this plain, matter-of-fact book how he and four fellow members of the crew spent more than a year of frustration, disappointment, and disillusionment in various parts of the Soviet Union. They had hoped to be able to refuel and be on their way to Chungking when they landed on a Russian airfield. Instead they were moved to various spots in the country, always in ignorance of their destination or fate.

It seems incredible that Moscow's propagandists should so completely have ignored their opportunity of converting the five fliers from capitalist America to the Communistic faith. The men were indeed treated well, by Soviet standards. Efforts were made to have them reasonably well housed and fed. But the whole clumsy, unimaginative bureaucratic machine seems to have conspired in turning the five men into violent and convinced opponents of Sovietism.

From their obviously exalted posi-

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tion as interned Allied soldiers, these men could see the daily life of the Russian people in small towns and villages. What they saw shocked them. Not that Emmens's observations are particularly profound, or that he has described anything startlingly "new" in Soviet existence. It is simply that, for nearly fourteen months, this crew of fliers breathed not only air, but also political atmosphere.

This book is as it ought to be: simple—like a letter home—, without too much editorializing or moralizing, and certainly without political sophistication. Emmens is the boy from Oregon who took off from the deck of the *Hornet* in a B-25 Mitchell bomber, and came down on Russian soil. He recalls that "many Russians have escaped their country and the shackles of the Soviet Government" to tell "what manner of life goes on behind the iron curtain." He adds that he hopes "being an American," he "might convince a few more Americans of the veracity of those writings."

Well, other Americans have been in the Soviet Union, and have written about it. But the lack of political erudition admitted by the author adds to the convincing charm of his presentation. He is not a trained observer, and so he falls short of penetrating characterization when he writes about the Russians he was in contact with: interpreters, maids, cooks, various military men. That is all right, too; let others do the probing and analyzing.

Some of this book shows a studied simplicity. For instance:

> So this is what the Soviet meant by Communism! Communism! Hell, sure, I'd read a little about it back home. I'd heard a lot of favorable comment on it. What I had read sounded pretty good on paper. But in actual practice, as we observed in the very heartland of Communism itself, there was none of the working together for the common good of all. . . . We were better Americans for our experience.

In the end, a professional Iranian smuggler helped the five fliers escape from Ashkhabad into Northern Iran. It is good reading, even as pure adventure stuff. Like the rest of the book, it has the smell of authenticity.

Self-isolation has robbed Moscow's propaganda machinery of a major analytic tool: an understanding of the American mind. Thus, this book emerges as the record of a first-rate Soviet blunder. Instead of having been shown the shiny façade of the Soviet state, the author has looked at the seamy props in the background; and so the last words of his book are a slogan-comment on Communism: "Fight it!"

History. *The brace of volumes reviewed here follows ancient and honorable traditions of historical writing. A generation or two ago men like Osgood, Bancroft, Adams, and Rhodes undertook to write about enormous stretches of American history in many volumes and in minute detail. Today few historians assume such herculean tasks. Among the few exceptions is Lawrence Henry Gipson, whose perhaps definitive history of the British colonies before the American Revolution has been coming out serially over the past dozen years. The latest, "The Victorious Years," covers the period made familiar by Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe" with characteristic Gipson thoroughness. . . . About the time Heinrich Schliemann was rewriting the story of the ancient world from excavations in Troy, Jacob Burckhardt, another historian with the archeologist's approach, was surveying fourth-century Europe in "The Age of Constantine the Great," reviewed in this week's magazine on page 14.*

British Empire Before the Rebellion

THE VICTORIOUS YEARS: Vol. VII of The British Empire Before the American Revolution. By Lawrence Henry Gipson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 467 pp. $7.50.

By Richard B. Morris

THE seventh volume of Professor Gipson's massive enterprise, a full-dress revisionist account of the British Empire before the American Revolution, focuses the most recent historical scholarship upon a climactic moment in world history. Mr. Gipson devotes a volume to three years, 1758-60, but these few years decided the fate of a continent.

—*Culver Service.*

William Pitt, assisted by his son, makes his last speech—"little short of an obsession."

There is a remarkable parallel between the emergence of Churchill after the Norway debacle in the spring of 1940 and the accession of Pitt, the Great Commoner, in the year 1756. When Churchill came to the helm Britain's military reputation was perhaps at its lowest point since the fall of Ticonderoga in the early part of Pitt's regime. Well might Pitt have phrased his call to office in much the same language as Churchill: "I felt as if I were walking with Destiny, and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial." The same dogged perseverance in the face of adversity which Churchill maintained in the months following his accession to power was demonstrated in that earlier world war by Pitt, the chief architect of the modern British Empire. Like Churchill, Pitt pursued his project, the winning of the war, with what the author calls "a fixity of purpose little short of an obsession."

In view of Mr. Gipson's warm admiration for the British Empire of the eighteenth century and the things for which it stood, his handling of Pitt is uncommonly restrained. Conceding somewhat grudgingly Pitt's fiery will and his genius for improvisation, the author cannot forgive him for denying Parliament's right to tax the colonies, thereby helping the colonists forge a powerful constitutional weapon. To Mr. Gipson such a stand is typical of Pitt's irresponsibility. But perhaps Pitt was one of those idealists who felt that property without liberty loses its savor. Pitt in victory was never so magnificent as when, aged and feeble, he pleaded futilely with the Lords for the withdrawal of British

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troops from America while negotiations were pending.

Mr. Gipson is highly critical of some of Pitt's military decisions, notably the removal of Lord Loudoun as commander-in-chief in America and his replacement by the wretched Abercrombie. But the latter was next in rank and not easily to be passed over. Loudoun had admirable qualities, but he suffered from an excess of caution, a trait not likely to win battles. In his appointment of Jeffrey Amherst to succeed Abercrombie Pitt redeemed himself handsomely.

The indifference of the average colonist to the war effort fills Mr. Gipson with cold fury. He castigates the assemblies for failure to provide adequate military levies and is at pains to document the undependability of the colonial militia under fire. Colonial indifference is an old grievance with the author, who constantly reaffirms his contention that Britain entered the war primarily to protect the vital interests of the colonists, and was not the rapacious, calculating imperialist portrayed by Tom Paine and George Bancroft. Granted that in point of time the Seven Years' War in Europe was preceded by the French and Indian War in America. Yet in Volume III of this series Gipson shows that as early as 1752, two years before young George Washington went to the Ohio to warn the French, war almost broke out between England and France over the Guinea slave trade. Said Gipson four volumes back: "Well might the war for empire have begun off the African coast at this juncture rather than at the forks of the Ohio two years later!"

Inevitably any new treatment of the Seven Years' War must stand comparison with Parkman's masterpiece, "Montcalm and Wolfe." We miss in Gipson much of the fire and a good deal of the drama and romanticism Parkman preserved or instilled, but there is throughout a note of sober realism buttressed by much new research. Montcalm, aghast at the Indian slaughter of British prisoners at Fort William Henry, is quoted by Parkman as exclaiming: "Kill me, but spare the English who are under my protection!" Gipson's version is probably more authentic: "Since you are rebellious children who break the promise you have given to your Father and who will not listen to his voice, kill him first of all!" In Gipson's narrative the heights of Abraham are scaled in an atmosphere of much less suspense than in Parkman's, and Wolfe is criticized for his rashness in leading the grenadiers on their bayonet charge. True, Wolfe in choosing a hero's death did not act on "sound military precepts," but who can tell how much this very impetuosity assured a victory, made possible by reckless courage and quick decisions?

While some of the drama is entangled in Mr. Gipson's skein of scholarship and some of the momentum of battle is lost by the author's tendency to pause to award praise and blame, Mr. Gipson has revised and amplified Parkman at numerous points, drawing not alone upon the researches of Waddington, Corbett, and Pargellis, but also upon his own examination of much firsthand evidence. He has given us a better rounded picture of the war than anyone has ever done before, and he has painted his strokes with originality, insight, and authority.

Richard. B. Morris, professor of American history at Columbia University, is co-editor of the forthcoming "A Treasury of Great Reporting."

Panorama of Fourth-Century Europe

THE AGE OF CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. By Jacob Burckhardt. New York: Pantheon Books. 400 pp. $4.50.

By Francis Henry Taylor

"I HAVE no hope at all for the future," Burckhardt wrote to his friends in Germany a hundred years ago. "It is possible that a few half-endurable decades may still be granted to us, a sort of Roman imperial time. I am of the opinion that democrats and proletarians must submit to an increasingly harsh despotism even if they make the wildest efforts, for this fine century is designed for anything rather than a true democracy."

In a magnificent translation, Moses Hadas has put before the English-speaking world (for the first time since its publication in 1852) "The Age of Constantine the Great." Like Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and yet so unlike it, it is one of the landmarks of historical writing—a panorama of fourth-century Europe and its parallels with modern times. After a millennium and a half of gradual enlightenment, the decay Burckhardt prophesied has once again set in and has produced a succession of total and universal wars, genocide, and atomic disintegration.

This is a book no thoughtful person can afford to miss. An embattled Protestant liberal and implacable foe of Bismarck, this celebrated Swiss historian is, curiously, best remembered for his "Civilization of the Renaissance." The "Constantine" produced in his solitude at Basle, is a key to the past and a warning of the future. Yet the analogies between antiquity and the present day are never pointed out. Burckhardt examines the reigns of Diocletian and Constantine and presents them without the passion, and perhaps the color, of Gibbon, but in their entirety and in detail. The reader is left to discover for himself the object lessons of history; no similarities are underscored, no predictions of things to come. The substance of imperialism is the new shadow of democracy's decline.

The fourth century is shown as an age of crisis and confusion—paganism rent asunder into numberless conflicting sects—the imperial authority, both in the Orient and in the Latin West, perpetuating itself by a series of purges and blood baths which renders Hitlerian Germany puerile in the eyes of the historian. Economic

—Culver Service.

Battle and Triumph of Constantine.

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misery and bureaucracy lay waste the heritage of the Caesars, but, at the same time, open the way for the one unifying force which alone could bring order out of chaos.

The military and governmental revolutions of that age, however, can be interpreted only in the light of its religious and cultural dichotomy. While externally Christianity and paganism may have been opposed to one another,

> the essential content of late pagan beliefs was directly analogous to Christianity. The aim of existence was no longer limited to life on earth and to its pleasures and destiny, but was extended to the beyond, even to union with the deity. The one group wished to secure immortality by occult rites; the other wished to force their way to deity by steeping themselves in profound matters or by magic compulsion. But all paid homage to the new notion of conscious morality.

There are unfolded before the reader the persecutions and the martyrdoms, the expediencies and the cynicism of a civilization gone to seed. But,

> Christianity was bound to conquer in the end because it provided answers which were incomparably simpler, and which were articulated in an impressive and convincing whole, to all the questions [with] which that period of ferment was so deeply concerned.

"The Age of Constantine the Great" is a window open to the landscape from which we sprang so long ago. Not only does it clarify the deeds and misdeeds of great men and the mystical impulses which spurred them, almost in the same breath, to incomparable acts of piety and dreadfulness, it is a touchstone to an art and literature which transmitted classical antiquity to Christian Europe. With the wealth of illustration at hand to choose from in our museums and our libraries—as, for example, the recent finds from Antioch now at Baltimore and Worcester or the collections at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington—it is a pity that the publishers have presented so sympathetic and glowing a translation of this monumental essay in such an undistinguished and unappetizing dress. The popular reception given to a recent edition of Gibbon, illustrated by Piranesi's views of Rome, is proof enough that history must be visualized to reach its widest audience.

Fiction. *It is significant of the public's and perhaps the writer's search for more than temporal security that four of the seventeen books reviewed this week are in their various ways religious novels, and that three of them are centered in Catholicism. One of them, Edwin Fadiman's "The Voice and the Light," brings to life the village of Domrémy and the early years of Joan of Arc stubbornly struggling toward martyrdom. Another, E. J. Richards's "The Chosen," shows with fidelity and affection the rigorous and disciplined lives of students for the priesthood in an outwardly bleak Catholic seminary. "The Edge of Doom," by Leo Brady, is the story of the flight and pursuit of the murderer of a Catholic priest. One of the most moving of these novels is Irving Fineman's "Ruth," in which the classic brevity of the Biblical story of the alien's return is elaborated into a parable of tolerance and humanity for us today.*

Mosaic Way of Life

RUTH. By Irving Fineman. New York: Harper & Bros. 277 pp. $3.

By Bradford Smith

BASED on that book of the Bible which is one of the world's great short stories, "Ruth" continues an exposition of the way of Israel which Mr. Fineman began in "Hear, Ye Sons." Having chosen a story known to everyone, he cannot expect to surprise his reader. He has to enrich the familiar tale by surrounding it with material which will bring it more clearly to life. The conversion of three Biblical pages to nearly 300 calls for invention of incident as well as development of character. It also affords an opportunity to re-create a world which is only hinted at in the Bible.

Mr. Fineman gives the impression of being at home in "the days when the judges judged." He knows the customs, the artifacts, the ways of work, the religious festivals.

But the incidents Mr. Fineman invents demonstrate a way of life more than they build up tension and conflict. If we miss the violence of motion we are accustomed to in present-day fiction, it is because the world he pictures had a respect for law, and that is what he wants to stress. Private passion had to give way to the general welfare. The responsibilities of kinship, the demands of religion were actually of more importance than a romance à la Hollywood.

As a consequence, the people of the story have an elemental dignity and simplicity—Ruth faithful, Naomi old and wise, Gibbor lustful, Elias a hater of women. Their simple polarity seems appropriate to the story and to the time.

Many familiar Bible passages are transferred to these pages—from the Song of Songs, the Psalms, even the Ten Commandments reprinted in full. Mr. Fineman puts the Biblical texts constantly in the minds of his people and frequently on their tongues—referred to for precedents, for sanction or disapproval. For Israel, as Mr. Fineman points out, was at this time ruled not by a king but by a set of laws. It therefore had to meet the responsibilities of its freedom. The people, sensing that responsibility, cherished their Mosaic law as the source of their security. The code was clear, firm, just. It was just to strangers as well as to Israelites, and thus Ruth, the woman of a hated tribe, was justly treated even though she had to put up with some natural resentment.

Mr. Fineman's novel thus becomes a parable of tolerance—a record of the just dealing with which the Jews treated the stranger within the gates and perhaps, though he nowhere says so, a reminder to our world that Jews deserve the fair treatment their laws require them to give to others.

This reverence for the way of Israel is clearly the central quality of the book. It is reverence for a world based upon law—upon law which understands and accepts human limitations and whose guiding principle is to distribute justice with an unbiased hand and firm faith. Mr. Fineman is essentially a moralist, calling for a way of life based upon laws whose justness and efficacy are proven. It is not often that, in a time when violence of motion seems to be the chief requirement of fiction, a novel of such moral earnestness comes along. In that moral core lies the book's dignity and strength.

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Gregorian Chant with Brooklyn Accent

THE CHOSEN. By E. J. Edwards. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 280 pp. $3.

By RILEY HUGHES

THOMAS MERTON'S readers know, in their thousands, what the austerities of monastic life can and should be. Those who come fresh from Merton to this slight but informative novel of pre-clerical life should be able to take the lesser, but no less real, rigors of seminary routine pretty much in stride. If Father Edwards's characters do not, it is perhaps because they consider themselves (and are considered) "boys," in the full American sense of the term. Perhaps too, because, coming from Brooklyn with half-reluctant feet, they are types of a type.

Five felt that they were called. They had known one another slightly back home, and they had come on a common impulse after hearing the Bishop give a sermon on vocation. The boys—they would be college age—find themselves in the totally non-Brooklyn world of a bleak Midwest seminary, where the regimen is orderly and, as they sometimes think, crushing; and where the language is not relaxed idiom but a precise, impersonal Latin. At once they enter into the forms of their new life—they wear black cassocks; they attend classes with the rest of the philosophers to wrestle with scriptural Greek and Gregorian chant; and, after "lights out," they try, not too successfully at first, to observe the *Summum Silentium*.

Putting on the spirit is a related but rather more difficult thing, as they find when they struggle to reconcile the realities of everyday study, in an atmosphere made tense by discipline and restrictions, with the ideal of sacrifice and service for Christ and the Church which impelled each to enter. Rushing into a *dies irae* placed dramatically somewhere in the future is, as J. F. Powers has remarked, "every plump seminarian's apple-cheeked dream." Bearing up under slights, misunderstandings, boredoms, oblique tests of humility, and spiritual exercises aimed at the paring away of self: here is the contemporary, undramatic face of wrath.

It takes the slow grinding of the classroom, of retreats, of the burden of a free and unguided summer vacation to reveal to each of the friends—for they make common cause of their experiences and awarenesses—whether or not, to use terminology half-technical, half-popular, he "has a vocation" for the priesthood. The ruthless pattern of this book calls for four out of the five to discover that they have, as the charitable will put it, "missed their vocation." For none of them, of course, is there the problem, say, faced by Stephen Dedalus when he allows the thought of the priesthood to dangle briefly before him. Here it is a matter of imperfections, of being unable to give up objectively harmless yet ultimately worldly ties and joys. Joe McBride cannot surrender the cossetings of a selfishly indulgent family; for Steve Kolesar the chipping away process—he can see it extending far into his curacy under some ogre of a pastor—exacts more of him than he wants to give.

Marty Manning, something of the artist as a young seminarian, is the only one who seems "soft," to himself and the others. He is the one, though, who perseveres, surmounting first a misplaced loyalty to "The Inseparables" and then the challenge of Joe's sister that he is being selfish in his unselfishness and wrecking his life besides. But the five are so indifferently characterized that the novel is well under way before one realizes that "The Chosen," as much as it is anyone's, is Marty's story. The seminary—in its joys as well as rigors—lives and breathes, but the author's people do not. They remain apple-cheeked and indistinct.

Early Gidian Bible

THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH. By André Gide. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 293 pp. $3.

By MORRIS BISHOP

IN THE year after "Les Nourritures Terrestres" was published, in 1897, it sold 329 copies. In the following year returns from booksellers caused a net loss of 119 copies. By 1908 the sales reached the mark of 500; in 1915 the first edition of 1,500 copies was exhausted. In 1917 a new publisher took it over, with the happiest results. France had caught up with Gide, and the book became the breviary of ardent youth. What publisher would not snap up a breviary?

It was born, then, before its time. In 1897 the literary press disregarded it almost completely. Its few readers found it the insignificant rebellion of an unimportant young man, cast in oracular poetic prose, propounding a

—*Drawing by Marie Laurencin.*

André Gide: "Nathaniel, I no longer believe in sin."

vaguely alarming code of behavior.

Then in the years immediately after the First World War the book came to life. There is a fine passage in Martin du Gard's "Les Thibault," describing an eager, troubled youth's discovery of "Les Nourritures," the effect on his spirit of Gide's doctrine of fervor, of availability, of acceptance of all life. The young of the Twenties were convinced that the world was upside down, while their elders were passionately pretending it was still right side up. How intoxicating it was then to read such phrases as: "Families, I hate you! closed circles round the hearth; doors fast shut; jealous possession of happiness." Here was a revelation of freedom, a doctrine of joy. The young fed happily on these "Nourritures," terrestrial food, in opposition to celestial food.

Now in 1949 the book is brought to us in English. (The translation was, it seems, done thirteen years ago.) How will it strike present readers? Will it bring terrestrial food to the young? Shall we have our generation of young Gidians, conning their Gidian Bible?

I fear that this reader, who is no longer young, must report that the book has aged badly:

Food!
I demand you, food!
My hunger will stay at no half-way house;
Nothing but satisfaction will silence it;
No moralities can put an end to it,
And I have never fed anything but my soul on privations.

When Gide says: "Nathaniel, I no longer believe in sin," his awe-stricken air seems laughable. And his superior manner is irritating: "But now,

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Nathaniel, I am full of pity/ for the delicate sins of men." It is all very precious, very far away. The book represents Gide's escape from the bonds of his youth to reality, and yet his reality is unreal. When he takes a journey it is, of all things, in a stage-coach. He gives us—or rather, me—no sense of participation in life. He is too fastidious, or too sick, to participate; he remains inevitably the onlooker. His idea of touching reality is to read Virgil to the slap of washerwomen's paddles. His famous fervor, despite his frequent celebration of hot-lipped Arab shepherd boys, remains an intellectual concept, completely outside of life.

Will the young man of today, the bookish young man in search of terrestrial nourishment, heed? The young must answer for themselves; but after all, Gide's Nathaniel is a grandfather by this time, and his grandson may now be ready to revolt against his grandfather's fervor and availability.

I don't know, but I suspect that the grandson will find "The Fruits of the Earth" merely a period piece. Its novelty in 1897 has passed into the common fund of thought; what remains is the dithyrambic manner of the time, which has, I fear, become a little quaint, like Gide's own 1897 beard and pelerine. The young man of today may point out that Gide's doctrine, as his life, rests solidly upon a basis that Gide never mentions: the possession of a good, secure income. Whoever would make of his life an esthetic creation, a beautiful poem, should be beyond the reach of economics. Hence the paradox: Gide, urging that we embrace the whole of life, refuses that subjection to life which alone makes us an organic part of it.

The translation, by Dorothy Bussy, is superb. I admire especially her metrical translation in "The New Fruits."

Morris Bishop is professor of romance languages at Cornell and author of "Pascal: The Life of Genius" and "Ronsard, Prince of Poets."

Assistant Editor's Holiday

THE GREENROOM. By Hamilton Basso. New York: Doubleday & Co. 278 pp. $3.

By JOHN WOODBURN

MR. BASSO'S publishers ever thoughtful of the conditioned customer, have souped up his modest title with a jacket slogan: "The Secret Life of a Famous Novelist and Her Effect on Two Young People in Love." While this does not represent any real distortion of his plot, it is nevertheless somewhat more aromatic than the facts would justify. "The Greenroom," for all its careful setting, is neither a successful novel of suspense nor a convincing love story.

For the benefit of those who came late and had to take seats in the back of the hall, a greenroom, according to the "Shorter Oxford English Dictionary," is "a room in a theatre for actors and actresses when not required on the stage." It is also a room in which informal rehearsals are held, and in this sense it has a further, and rather uncomfortable relevance to Mr. Basso's novel, inasmuch as much of the time his characters appear to be hanging around a village in the Maritime Alps, hearing each other's lines and waiting for him to pull his novel together.

Mrs. Leslie Porter, the famous novelist of the story, is a distinguished and difficult old lady, a kind of combination of the late Ellen Glasgow, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and any one of a number of lady authors any one of a number of New York editors might tell you about after the fourth Gibson. Her novels have been masterpieces of brilliant, Jamesian snobbery, her sales enormous, and her accumulated prestige is so intimidating that she keeps her publisher in a state of exasperated obeisance. For some years she has been expatriate in Europe, working intermittently at her long-awaited, much anticipated memoirs.

Hamilton Basso—"the perfect sentence for ending almost any modern novel."

When Rufus Jackson, on vacation in Southern France, presented himself at her luxurious villa, he found himself both charmed and irritated. As one of her publisher's editors, he had been impelled to call on her because of curiosity, courtesy, and his employer's instructions to find out when, if ever, the famous memoirs will be ready for press. As an editor, Jackson was depressed by Mrs. Porter's coquetries, her vanity, and histrionics, and dismayed by her statement that the manuscript would probably never be finished because of the difficulty of writing the truth. As a thoughtful young widower, he was strongly attracted to Nora Marsh, Mrs. Porter's niece-by-marriage, temporarily separated from her husband, an unstable, ineffectual young man who, it seemed, was going to hell in a handbasket.

From here on things get pretty complicated, what with Mrs. Porter's malevolent jealousy, Rufus and Nora falling in love, young Marsh's reported suicide attempt, and, naturally, no work being done on the memoirs. When Mrs. Porter's secret is discovered, I am afraid I was no more astounded than when, once in a restaurant in San Francisco, I ordered something or other called a Tomato Surprise.

When the chips are down, Nora decides that she must devote her life to her irresponsible husband, an ultimatum which Rufus accepts with a philosophical attitude engendered, I assume, by his years as an assistant editor.

Mr. Basso has read his Maugham and at times, when he manages a breathing spell from his plot, he can do a scene with urbanity and a quiet humor. Of the incidental characters, most of whom were fellow guests of Rufus Jackson at his Provençal *pension*, the most memorable is the Princess de Cloville, a homely and extremely engaging old lady of *la petite noblesse* who enters the story, one suspects, for the purpose of furnishing local color and remains the most charming and vital member of the cast. Above all, however, I shall remember Mr. Basso's remarkable last sentence—a sentence whose complete accuracy atones, it seems to me, for any lack of specificity, the perfect sentence for ending, or for that matter beginning, this or almost any modern novel. Rufus Jackson is sitting in the railroad station in Paris, waiting for his train: "Folding his newspaper, he finished his drink and sat thinking one thing after the other until it was time to go."

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Jane Grey, Queen of England

THE LILY AND THE LEOPARDS. By Alice Harwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 508 pp. $3.50.

By VICTOR P. HASS

THERE isn't much that is new that can be said about Tudor England in a fictional way but, as Miss Harwood proves in the pages of this excellent novel, there is much that can be said better than most novelists have said it. Miss Harwood is no peddler of literary bagatelles; "The Lily and the Leopards," the story of tragic Jane Grey, is a sound, scholarly, vital, and exciting reconstruction of history. It is historical fiction as it should be written, but seldom is in these days.

Jane Grey, beautiful and intelligent daughter of the thick-skulled Duke of Suffolk, proud descendant of the Plantagenets, pawn of power-hungry politicians, ruled England for nine days after the death of Edward VI, the sad and lonely boy king. At the end of those nine days Jane paid for the badly bungled coup which she had not planned by dying on the block. Miss Harwood suggests that she might have become a topflight ruler. Certainly she was preferable to Bloody Mary Tudor who followed her; unquestionably, however, she could not have matched the great Elizabeth who came out on top in the power scramble.

Telling Jane's story is no simple matter of nine days of power; rather it is a matter of picking up Jane as a child on the knee of the dying Henry VIII and then filling in the years of tortuous political savagery that kept England in torment until Elizabeth came to the throne. Jane emerges here as a sweet, excellently educated, beautiful, bewildered girl. She is human and completely believable. But Miss Harwood is no less successful with all that crowd of be-ribboned, be-titled, be-mitred connivers—the Greys, the Dudleys, the Seymours, Pembroke, Cecil, Paget, Cranmer, and all the rest who played a dangerous game, played for keeps and knew that the price of failure was the block. Except in a few vignettes and a number of mob scenes, the common people do not enter the story and yet such is Miss Harwood's skill that she manages to convey to the reader that there the real power rests; there is the final arbiter.

As was inevitable, considering the scope of the subject, the novel is a maze of plots and counterplots, men named the Earl of Dorset one day and the Duke of Suffolk the next. Keeping them straight must have been a first-class headache for Miss Harwood in the writing, but she had done the job so well that only the dullest reader will fail to notice when the political weathervane has shifted and somebody else is in the driver's seat. There are times—but not often—when Jane

—*From the book.*

Grey is lost in the shuffle, yet even this does not constitute a weakness in the novel since poor Jane could not have been a dozen places at once and, frequently, events which shoved her closer to the throne occurred simultaneously.

The great danger in a novel of this genre is that the author will succumb to the common failing of drawing her chief characters more than life size. Miss Harwood conquers that obstacle almost at the outset with a superb portrait of Henry VIII that makes that mighty monarch just an old man with the gout—querulous, tired, and rheumy-eyed. And having proved her mastery of the biggest figure of them all, she has no trouble keeping the comparative pigmies who fought for his mantle in line.

I must confess that I picked up "The Lily and the Leopards" with something akin to distaste since there has been such a spate of Tudor novels in the past decade that they begin to pall. But Miss Harwood jolted me out of my lethargy almost immediately. She has a feeling for mood, for weather, for dozens of little things that knit into a single fabric of suspicion and foreboding. And once you are caught in her spell there is no turning back, for interest grows with every paragraph.

This is a fine historical novel, perhaps not an "important" or "significant" one, but certainly an absorbing one.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

PARADE OF WORDS

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, N. C., lists twenty sequences of words as they appear in poems by twenty well-known poets. Can you identify either the poet or the poem? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 42.

1. Boards, actors, prompters, gaslight.
2. Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates.
3. Correct, insert, refine, enlarge, diminish, interline.
4. Crosses, relics, crucifixes, beads, pictures, rosaries.
5. Essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester.
6. Genius, virtue, freedom, truth.
7. Grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt.
8. Majestic, equable, sedate, confirming, cleansing, raising.
9. Mercy, courage, kindness, mirth.
10. Palely, tinily, surely, mightily, frailly.
11. Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears.
12. Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens.
13. Screw, spring, tire, axle.
14. Shackled, scourged, tortured, crucified.
15. Shoveling, wrecking, planning, building, breaking, rebuilding.
16. Soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil.
17. Tins, boxes, bottles, shapes.
18. Tonic, elixir, panacea, lotion, opiate.
19. Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus, ballades.
20. Trusty, dusky, vivid, true.

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Apprentice Saint Joan

—*John H. Popper.*

Edwin Fadiman, Jr. — "solid earth beneath his saint's feet."

THE VOICE AND THE LIGHT. By Edwin Fadiman, Jr. New York: Crown Publishers. 249 *pp.* $2.75.

By Evelyn Eaton

EDWIN FADIMAN, JR., has chosen an interesting, difficult, and absorbing theme for his first novel, for it deals with the apprenticeship of a saint, and saints are the most attractive men and women who have ever lived, the most challenging. They excite and embarrass us with their courtesy, their freedom, their lightheartedness, their frankness, their disconcerting habit of including all the world in a fellowship of prayer. They are never dull. In their infinite variety they are alike in one thing only, they have exchanged self-centeredness for love of God, and this, they say, is the spiritual vocation of the race. A Voice crying to every man for cooperation and surrender offers in return growth and joy.

A novel about the first intimations of sainthood to any saint would have its appeal, both timeless and timely, to the reader in Year Five of the Atomic Age. Saint Joan of Arc has also the advantage of being one of the more easily understood saints, one of the most loved. She did not have to achieve simplicity after a lifetime of discarding worldly complications. She began with it. She was a practical saint who achieved a concrete goal. She "got results." She liberated France, and France has never been permanently conquered since. She was loyal to her country, to her Voices, to her God, even to martyrdom. Mr. Fadiman shows the beginnings of the growth of that loyalty.

He portrays Jeanne in the village of Domrémy, obeying her Orders, although they brought her into conflict with everyone she loved, first with her peasant father, the strong, prejudiced Jacques d'Arc, who told his sons: "If I believed that the thing I have dreamed of her should come to pass, I should want you to drown her, and if you did not do so, I would drown her myself." Jacques punishes his daughter, tries to marry her off, suffers shame and rage before Jeanne finally leaves home. Her brothers, her friends, her suitors, even her mother, are equally frustrated in their attempts to understand her or to make her conform to the pattern of the life they know and endorse. Jeanne contrives through her own sharp wit, and the working together of many small convenient miracles, to reach the Governor, the Duke of Lorraine. After convincing him, she returns with his support to Robert de Baudricourt, whom Saint Michael, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret have designated as the man who will take her to the "gentle little Dauphin," whom she is to save. "*Que Dé m' apporte victoire,*" she says as the bugles of the morning sound and she begins the quest.

In his first novel, Mr. Fadiman has succeeded in evoking a well-known France. He has put the solid earth of Domrémy beneath his saint's feet. He has surrounded her with credible characters. It is a picture of the Meuse valley and of the young Jeanne d'Arc for which we should be grateful, but the saint's "lovely life of service which is Christ's" has never been caught—entirely—by any pen, even in the hand of a saint. In this respect the book may disappoint. In all others it is interesting.

Evelyn Eaton is author of "North Star is Nearer," and co-author of "The Heart in Pilgrimage."

Nostalgia & Nausea

THE WORLD IN THE ATTIC. By Wright Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 189 *pp.* $2.75.

By Kenneth S. Davis

AT the heart of this novel, flawing its integrity either as a work of art or as a perceptive report of small-town Americana, is an irritating pretentiousness. It is evident that Mr. Morris believes he has done what his publishers *say* he has done, namely "made a novel that expresses much more than is apparent on the surface." In the opinion of one reader, at least, he has done precisely the opposite; he has made a novel expressing much less than seems apparent on the surface.

At first glance, one is convinced that so slight a tale simply must have hidden meanings. Clyde Muncy, a writer, is driving through Nebraska on his way to New York with his wife and two children. He passes through the tiny village of Junction, where he was raised, and decides to stop for a visit with his boyhood friend, Bud Hibbard. Inevitably, the Muncys are trapped into spending the night with the Hibbards, and before they manage to get away twenty-four hours later Clyde has become involved in funeral arrangements for Mrs. Clinton Hibbard, Bud's aunt, who has always been an alien in that community because of her alleged cultural superiority. He also encounters as corny a group of stock small-town "characters" as has been assembled in one book in years. Great effort is made by the writer to create a mood of mingled nostalgia and nausea; he labels the mood "nostalgia" and "nausea." It is an effort which many readers may agree is only 50 per cent successful.

The chief trouble seems to be that Clyde Muncy, who tells the story in first person, is conceited as all-get-out, and none too bright, either. He's so blinded by his sense of personal superiority that he doesn't really see anything, save the stereotypes in his own mind. Midwestern small towns are simply not as Clyde sees them to be. For instance, two pages of unfunny dialogue are devoted to the outraged surprise of a restaurant waitress when Clyde, city slicker that he is, orders iced coffee. The waitress is supposed never to have heard of such a thing. Someone ought to tell Clyde Muncy, or his creator, that the people in towns like Junction now read the same magazines, subscribe to the same book clubs, see the same movies, listen to the same radio shows, read the same AP news, and buy the same standard brands of merchandise as do the no more pampered people in Eastern cities.

There *are* differences between Midwest and East, and between country and city people, but those differences are much too subtle to be accurately perceived by guys like Clyde Muncy. A certain humility, a willingness to submit mind to fact, is essential to clear vision.

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Butterfly Aunt

THE QUEEN BEE. By Edna Lee. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 295 pp. $3.

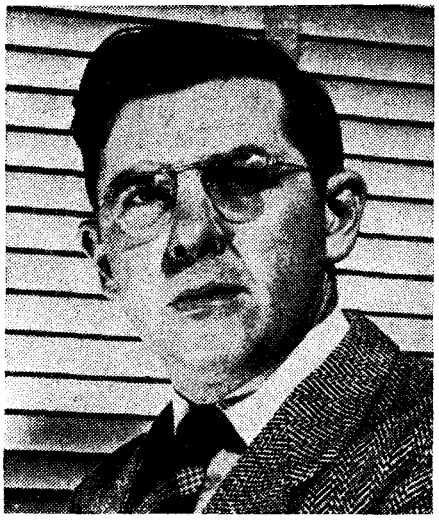
By Pamela Taylor

JENNIFER, when her parents are suddenly run over and killed near their shabby home in New York, turns for help to her mother's much younger sister, Aunt Eva, far away in Atlanta. Traveling south on the train, Jen meets Ty McKinnon, an agreeable young man who seems incredulous when she tells him she is Eva Avery's niece, that she is on her way to live with the Averys, whom she has not seen since she was a baby. "Do you know anything about bees?" he asks irrelevantly.

Weeks later Jen begins to understand Ty's question, guesses why, on one of his many calls at the Avery's great house, he makes her a present of two books on bees. For Eva Avery is a Queen Bee, beautiful, spoilt, totally selfish, and luxury loving. "Make up your mind," she tells her niece, "that you want the best things in life and get them. . . . A woman can get what she wants." What Eva Avery has wanted has been jewels and magnificent clothes; a fine house; complete domination of her incredibly handsome husband, the wealthy "Beauty" Avery, with his scarred, sardonic face; endless parties and a succession of enslaved men, preferably men whom other women wanted but could not hold against Eva Avery's wiles. And what she has not wanted enough to bother about has been the happiness of her children or her husband. The children, lost in a world of nightmare, are dependent entirely upon their father, in his sober moments, and his sister Phyl, for affection. "Beauty" Avery himself blots out the bitterness of his life with increasingly long bouts of morose drinking.

At first Jen, like so many others, falls under Eva's spell, is taken in by the clinging affection, the apparent interest in Jen's having a good time, the lavish shopping so that Jen may be well dressed, as befits anyone in Eva's orbit. She is willing to offer with both hands the adulation, devotion, and constant small services which Eva demands, shutting her eyes to the avid selfishness which lies behind the exquisite façade. But disillusionment sets in. Phyl marries to free herself from the uneasy household, but for Jen there seems to be no means of escape from the impossible, anguished emotional entanglements which bind her to "Beauty" and his children. Not until "Beauty" Avery pulls himself out of his alcoholic haze long enough to take melodramatic action is Jen free to find "the best things in life" —and not those which Eva Avery had meant.

The self-centered woman, insatiable in her search for admiration, is not new in fiction. Around her can be written terrifying stories of destruction. But "The Quee Bee" is a melodrama without the dimensions of reality and since the ill-starred Averys never come to life sufficiently to move us either to pity or horror, their final tragedy seems futile and irresponsible, no more.



—*Berkley Ball.*

Leo Brady—"fear, guilt, exultation."

Sin of Impulse

THE EDGE OF DOOM. By Leo Brady. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 247 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

MR. BRADY'S first novel is a difficult book to review. It calls, at once, for recognition of the attempt to mine a deep-running vein. It is no ordinary tale of murder and pursuit, of guilt and repentance. Writing specifically as a Catholic, he tries to interpret to us a sin of impulse, and the complex variations of the sin of pride that follow upon it to block the path to the confession and contrition upon which the redemption of this soul depends.

Martin Lynn lives in the tenement section of a great American city. His mother has just died. The accumulated frustrations of his life take the form of a desire that she should have a lavish funeral. Balked in his appeal for this, he murders an elderly priest in an unpremeditated outburst of rage.

Now in Mr. Brady's scheme the thought follows the deed, and the rest of the book interweaves the external man-hunt with the internal anguish of Martin, compounded of fear, guilt, and exultation. There are others involved in Father Kirkman's death. His niece, Rita Conroy, whom he has prevented from a marriage contrary to the laws of the Church, resented the old man's dictatorial control over her life. Realizing that his death fulfilled a deep wish of her own, she takes a share of the guilt unto herself, identifying herself with the murderer who had been, in effect, the agent of her desire.

—*Mario Rosel.*

Edna Lee—neither pity nor horror.

Father Roth, the young priest who had served the dead man in a bond of affection, is harassed by Rita's spiritual crisis and by the mystery of the killer, whose identity he slowly divines and for whose immortal soul he feels a priestly compassion.

Detective Mandel is a philosopher, a sad man. He seeks the solution of two crimes, the murder of the priest, and also a robbery, committed at the same time and linked, curiously, to the case of Martin Lynn. It is no callous, personal triumph or satisfaction to him to close this account.

Now whether Mr. Brady would avow it consciously or not, the Dostoievskian parallel is inescapable. And in this parallel is found the limitation of "The Edge of Doom" which keeps it from achieving the stature possible to its theme.

Martin Lynn is a brainless Raskolnikov. His crime is not the logical consequence and test of a certain view of life. So random, so fortuitous are its circumstances that it is almost meaningless to him and hence to us. I find it impossible to believe the act, as it is presented, so I accept it. But this does not help, for I find no sufficiently substantial depths of mind or emotion from which truly meaningful interpretations can be drawn.

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Tragedy requires some stature of character and Martin Lynn is equipped for nothing more than a certain low pathos. Again and again Mr. Brady imposes upon Martin's mind a pattern that does not accord with it. As a petty instance, he approaches the funeral parlor which has both a neon sign and a bronze plaque. He thinks: "A sign for the vulgar and one for the refined." Impossible. The thought is quite outside Martin's mental equipment and frame of reference. It is the author's thought.

Mandel, potentially interesting, is an Inspector Porfiry limited to talking to himself. There is a suggested duel between Martin and Mandel but it cannot develop, for Martin has no weapons of the mind.

Mr. Brady's intent, then, is better than his realization of it. Its failure must be measured by its own high standard, unfortunately, and not by many shoddy books to which it is inherently superior. We may look for good work from him. He should avoid, next time, the highly schematic rigging of events which we find here. And he should select a protagonist better equipped to support the burden of tragedy.

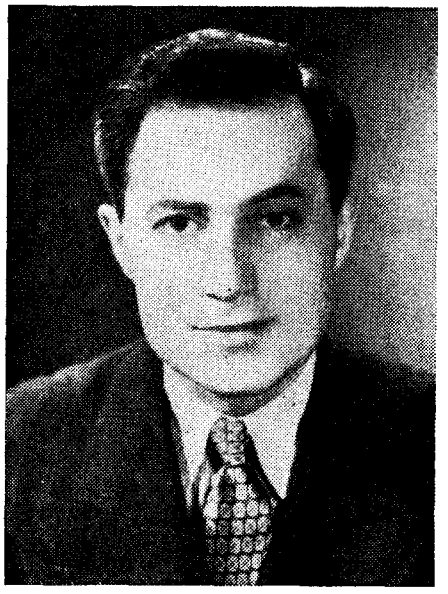
Pursuit of Honor

THE HIDDEN HERO. By Stanley Kauffmann. New York: Rinehart & Co. 342 pp. $3.50.

By HARRISON SMITH

MR. KAUFFMANN'S novel is concerned with the courage and personal integrity of a man and a young woman who do not meet until the tale is almost told. The hero of his title is an aviator who has disappeared from sight after receiving a national ovation and the Congressional Medal of Honor for his prodigious non-stop flight half-way around the world. His plane had crashed in sight of his goal. Except the heads of the great newspaper syndicate that had sponsored him, no one knew that Earl Seastrom had been dead drunk during the entire voyage and that his mechanic, who had been killed in the crash, had been the pilot.

Eleanor Shafer, the wealthy daughter of a celebrated New England family, ran away from her own problem to hide for a time in Mexico. To go home and tell the truth about the memorial that was to be erected in her father's honor would involve her family in public disgrace. A chance meeting with a Hollywood playwright who had been sent to find the missing aviator led to a chase, dangerous and frustrating, all over Mexico. Seastrom, who had been her childhood idol, had left a faint trail of alcoholic violence behind him, but suddenly it was apparent that he had changed both his name and his nature and was working as a humble orderly in small hospitals. To Eleanor who did not know his secret it was obvious that here was a man with the courage that she lacked.



Stanley Kauffmann—"The last act would have been worth waiting for."

There is an air of contrivance in "The Hidden Hero" that is glossed over by Mr. Kauffmann's gifts as a story-teller. Nevertheless, it is a dangerous experiment to keep the reader from meeting the hero of a novel until the next to the last chaper. The pursuit of a man who is always somewhere else becomes a long and involved guessing game: where is Seastrom, and why is he hiding, and what was wrong with his famous flight? The discovery of the lost hero is almost inevitably an anti-climax.

Another difficulty with the story is that the entire course of the novel leads to a scene that never comes off, like a melodrama in which the last act is missing. The heroine's flight to Mexico, the search for Seastrom, is only the preface for her own decision to tell the truth about herself and to take the disgraceful consequences. The novel tamely ends with Eleanor at home, walking hand in hand with her battered and reformed aviator, to mail a letter to the town Mayor. The result must be a resounding political scandal, a trial, and a public acknowledgment that she, the daughter of a Nobel prize-winner, was having a love affair with a distinguished architect. The last act would have been worth waiting for if Mr. Kauffmann had chosen to write it.

Vicious Woman Devouring Lives

THE CANNIBAL HEART. By Margaret Millar. New York: Random House. 207 pp. $2.50.

By NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

THIS is one of those interesting and tantalizing books which seem to be well written quite beyond their deserts. I know Miss Millar will not thank me for putting it that way, but I can't make a better statement of it. From the first page her writing is a delight of clarity and pungency. Her characters are made visible in the freshest of phrases; her dialogue is more than intelligent—it is exciting, like nothing so much as the talk in a brilliant play; her descriptions of places, movements, incidents, passions, crises unseen and imminent, childfancies or adults in terror—all of this she does with such unerring clean craftsmanship that we are persuaded we have been reading a remarkable book. And we have to struggle back through this, after some hobbling second-thoughts, to perceive that the story is a tenuous one, its characters unreal and incapable of exacting our sympathies, its whole structure shaky at best and actually dependent upon our surrender to the writer's talents.

The cannibal heart is the heart of Janet Wakefield, who has been driven by certain catastrophes in her life to such a pass that she must break into other people's lives and devour what they have built normally for themselves. She herself is no longer capable of the normal process of making a happy life. The author suggests that Janet has *let* her husband kill himself when she knew he was going to—and *let* her imbecile boy die in an accident she permitted to happen—out of weariness beyond control. Now she seizes upon Mark Banner with the ferocity of mortal hunger. His own attraction to her and away from his wife is in no small way responsible for her surge of desire. Yet he has no intention of going off with her as she expected. When she realizes this the fine line between sanity and break-up is completely snapped, if indeed it was there. She attempts first to make off with Mark's daughter Jessie, and finally drowns wilfully when Jessie has been snatched from her.

There is no denying Miss Millar's magic with this tale. She makes a tense and fearful thing of it; I have already indicated how. Only—like all good magic—it will not bear a closer gaze. For a close gaze suggests that Janet Wakefield is an interesting fig-

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ure, pathologically, but not a tragic one, not one to draw our sympathies; that the behavior of Mark Banner, supposedly the rugged, normal male, is erratic and unreal, obviously interposed to precipitate the melodramatic climax, rather than arising out of true character; and that in fact all of the characters from Janet Wakefield and the Banners to Mr. Roma and his daughter Luisa, are varied cuts of the same cloth of macabre unreality—there is no point of reason or grace anywhere to measure by. For lack of such a peg to hang on, the tale blows away before the first gust of fresh air. Well, you are certain to enjoy it anyway, as I did, and perhaps you won't want to question it afterward. It seems ungrateful.

Fiction Notes

THE COLOR OF RIPENING, by Mathea Thorseth. Superior. $3. Life was real and life was earnest for the "Wobblies" of yesteryear as it is for the "Commies" of today. Only the Commies, on the whole, are having an easy time of it, compared to the Industrial Workers of the World, who had their fling in the years immediately preceding the end of the First World War when they were dissolved. To be a Wobbly, as Miss Thorseth's well-informed novel shows, was to be on the run most of the time, with the police and the Pinkertons ever on your trail. The book is peopled with a typical group of romantic fanatics, representing the various aspects of the movement. Notable among them is a rather feather-brained prostitute, Sybil, who would not take on a man unless he could produce an IWW card. Sybil was obviously useful to the movement, for it was after meeting her that the lusty, gusty, Norwegian immigrant Olav joined and dominated it in the Pacific Northwest. Ranking with him in interest is Marxana, beautiful, impetuous and mysterious, who provides the conspiratorial interest: what could a girl be doing in a workers' movement? When she reveals that she has run away from "a chain of gold" the mystery is explained and everyone is satisfied, especially Olav, who loves her. Readers interested in social problems will like this book; others will find it tedious.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT, by H. C. James. Crowell. $2.75. Mr. James, Australian journalist, has been for fourteen years engaged in work for the London films, radio, and stage. The influence of the movies is inevitably very much in evidence in this his first novel, a story of men who are forever seeking in the Australian desert the biggest gold mine in the world. They never find it except for such quantities of the metal as are sufficient to give canny promoters a chance to organize phony companies, clean up on early issues of the stock, and clear out as soon as a few pockets have been well filled with gullible investors' money.

But the men who seek the gold in the desert—the Dead Sweet Joe Stephensons, the Jackie Lewises, the Big and Little Paddy Ryans, etc.,—are real enough, and honest enough, though not a bit less gullible than the investors. Theirs is an eternal dream, the dream of finding "the real crock of gold at the foot of the rainbow," and, as with other dreamers, it seems that the quest is more important than the attainment of the goal. Thus, when the hero, Dead Sweet Joe, manages to make a killing of 30,000 quid he doesn't know what to do with it, but other people do and they soon manage to part Dead Sweet Joe from his money.

The author starts out bravely enough with a realistic picture of men enduring ordeals in the desert, but before he is half through he bogs down badly and his individuals metamorphose into movie puppets.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, by Oswald Wynd. Doubleday. $3. This story by Oswald Wynd, whose previous "Black Fountains" won a $20,000 prize, belongs to what may be called the newsreel school. It begins in 1923 with the terrific earthquake in Japan, where most of the action takes place, and ends shortly after V-J Day. Its hero, David Prenter, is a young American journalist who divides his time between Japan and China; he watches the progression of events which must lead to the inevitable "incident" and to the no less inevitable conflict with which we are only too familiar. The other leading characters are David's cousin Irma, who teaches in a missionary school, and Merion, an Englishman and something of a stuffed shirt, who, none the less, has in Setsue a charming and intelligent mistress by far too good for him. Merion falls in love with Irma, to the great annoyance of David, who, though married, has a soft spot for her himself.

Altogether, it's a bad mixup, resolved as is usual in such matters with more emotionalism than intelligence. Married to Irma, Merion still maintains an unofficial alliance with Set-

(*Continued on page* 41)

"Promise you won't feel different when the new Kinsey Report comes out?"

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Science. *With science making prodigious strides in our time, it has become fashionable to look down one's nose at many of the men who labored in its fields in earlier ages. The word "alchemy," for example, is usually said with scorn nowadays. Yet, so F. Sherwood Taylor contends in "The Alchemists," reviewed below, its practitioners were really the founders of modern chemistry. Similarly, although for different reasons, the modern biologist is apt to look askance at the naturalist—an attitude which J. Henri Fabre answered eloquently in the passage quoted in the review of "The Insect World of J. Henri Fabre"* *(see page 28)**. . . . Dorothy F. Cannon recounts the career of the distinguished Spaniard Santiago Ramón y Cajal in "Explorer of the Human Brain," while Dr. Boris Sokoloff reports on "The Miracle Drugs."*

Necromancers and Dr. Cajal

THE ALCHEMISTS: Founders of Modern Chemistry. By F. Sherwood Taylor. New York: Henry Schuman, Inc. 246 *pp.* $4.

EXPLORER OF THE HUMAN BRAIN. By Dorothy F. Cannon. New York: Henry Schuman, Inc. 303 *pp.* $4.

By JOHN E. PFEIFFER

ACCORDING to popular opinion, the alchemists were a strange breed of necromancer-quacks who puttered around with oddly shaped glassware in medieval basements and invoked demons from multi-colored smokes. Their unsuccessful quest for a philosopher's stone which would transmute inferior metals into gold or silver is a symbol of the futility of all the world's get-rich-quick schemes and panaceas, political as well as chemical. But in his new book F. Sherwood Taylor, curator of the Museum of the History of Science in Oxford, England, offers a stimulating and often convincing presentation of the other side of the story. His thesis is that, except for a fraudulent minority, the alchemists were honest and well-meaning investigators doing their best according to views that are meaningless to modern science.

The first known alchemists worked in Alexandria around 300 B.C., and were strongly influenced by Aristotle's notion that metals are composed of two "exhalations" or vapors—one moist, the other dry or smoky—in condensed form. A possible implication of this theory is that one metal can be transmuted into another, and since the alchemists regarded gold as the noblest and purest of all substances, they naturally tried to create it in their laboratories. The earliest attempts involved dyeing metals yellow and making brass-like alloys (anything that looked like gold in those days), while complex distillation processes were among the more sophisticated techniques of medieval times.

But Dr. Taylor does his best writing in showing that no description of the alchemists makes sense without an understanding of the philosophy behind their experiments. Medieval alchemy became an expression of theology among people to whom religious doctrines and symbols were as real as the ninety-six elements are to scientists today. The melting of metal was not a simple change of state, but a vivid mystical experience:

> The bright metal became a black, formless mass, a stinking corruption; then another process brought this dead mass back to the state of metal again, and so it seemed to [the alchemists], perhaps because they wished it so, a more glorious and excellent metal. The process was, in fact, a symbol of what the age was seeking, what was found alike in Christianity and the mystery-religions—death and resurrection.

What did the alchemists accomplish? As far as chemistry is concerned, it is often difficult to tell. They used elaborate, sometimes inconsistent symbols in obscure illustrations and allegorical writings, many of which have not been deciphered and probably never will be. Some of them also wrote long treatises describing how they had transmuted other metals into gold, but the author does not consider these false claims to be deliberate falsifications. Perhaps stretching the point a bit, he suggests that they sincerely believed their recipes would work, only to be frustrated by frequent accidents in their laboratories.

On the positive side, the alchemists "invented the fundamentals of laboratory technique," the backbone of modern chemistry. A mercury-still first described by a Greek alchemist, Mary the Jewess, more than 2,000 years ago was listed in chemical catalogues as late as 1860; the workers of that period alone used about eighty pieces of apparatus, many of which in modified form are standard equipment today. Also, Benedictine—the oldest liqueur—was first made in 1510 by a series of elaborate distillations, and this invention and others like it may have

(*Continued on page* 28)

—*By Van der Heyden after Brueghel, from Bettmann Archive.*

The Alchemist's Kitchen.

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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AEC Fellowships

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Harrison Brown, atomic scientist, former assistant director of the plutonium laboratory at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, at present engaged in special research at the University of Chicago. Dr. Brown is author of "Must Destruction Be Our Destiny?"* (1947).

TWO years ago, the Atomic Energy Commission, fully appreciating the acute shortage of competent men trained in the physical sciences, established a large number of fellowships in order to aid in some measure in the stimulation of scientific education. Administration of the fellowships was wisely placed in the hands of the National Research Council, an organization with considerable experience in the handling of awards and in the selection of candidates. In the past, holders of AEC fellowships have not engaged in secret work. Usually, they have been given the standard curricula for their respective fields and have done their research in non-classified areas. Our universities have generally administered AEC fellowships in the same manner in which they have administered other similar awards.

For nearly two years of operation under this arrangement all went well; the fellowships were accomplishing the objective for which they were designed. Then, one fine spring day, catastrophe replaced serenity. Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, Republican from Iowa, staunch watchdog of both national security and national elections, discovered that a Communist and another person who "was said to have shown previous interest in Communist gatherings" had been awarded fellowships. Mr. Hickenlooper, to the intense pleasure of the more sensational wing of our national press, drew every drop of insinuation and publicity from his discovery that could be drawn. Vivid pictures were embedded in the public mind of Communists being trained by our universities, being taught atomic bomb "secrets," and being prepared to return to the homeland to tell all. So vivid and terrifying were the pictures that for a period of several days many Iowans must have murmured, "Thank God for Hickenlooper!"

The ball was then impartially thrown to Joseph O'Mahoney, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, one who, although of a different party, possesses with Mr. Hickenlooper the common bond of 1950 worries. Mr. O'Mahoney caught the ball neatly, but it is reported that he ran into trouble with some of his committee colleagues. Undaunted by his inability to secure the necessary number of committee votes, Mr. O'Mahoney personally introduced on the floor an amendment providing that all recipients of AEC fellowships must be investigated and cleared by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. There was considerable debate over the measure on the floor, but by nightfall it had passed.

It must be emphasized that Atomic Energy Commission fellowships have been handled by most universities according to their accustomed procedure for handling such awards. The students have not been in a special class, other than that they must be judged to possess high academic standing. Now, however, all of this must change if our universities are to permit their students to receive such awards. A friend of mine, in a spirit of half-mockery-half-seriousness, put it this way:

"FIRST, we professors must divide our science students into two classes: those who in our opinion may be cleared by the FBI and those who in our opinion may not be cleared. Keeping in mind that not only the beliefs of the student, but also the beliefs of his family and friends, as well as the beliefs of the FBI are involved, our task will not be an easy one. Our task will be eased slightly by the fact that few entering students are old enough to have taken political sides during the Spanish Civil War. But, unfortunately, most of them remember the Russo-German war vividly enough to have cheered one or the other of the two sides. If the cheers were for the Russians it is up to us to discover the motivating reasons—were they of a subversive nature?

"The chameleon-like nature of a student's political views will present constant difficulties. He is going through the traditional throes of 'being born three feet to the left of Marx and dying three feet to the right of Hoover,' and as a result what we say of a student on one day, may not be true on the next. Thus, we professors endanger our reputations as being honest men.

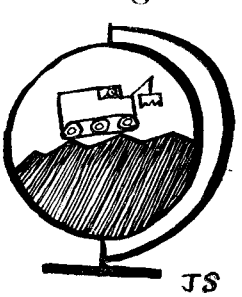
"Of course, in order to be on the safe side, we will choose only those students who are 'stable,' *i.e.*, brainless, thoughtless, and unimaginative. But regardless of our efforts, some applicants will be revealed by the FBI to be subversive.

"What will we do with those men when they are turned down for fellowships? We may be convinced in our own minds that the FBI is wrong. Under such circumstances can we keep them in school, perhaps by giving them another type of award? It would be difficult and dangerous in view of the turmoil that would result in the state legislature, and newspaper headlines such as 'UNIVERSITY GIVES SUBVERSIVES FREE EDUCATION.'

"If the university accepts Atomic Energy Commission fellows under those conditions, I'm afraid that we won't turn out many good scientists for quite a few years. And I'm equally afraid that we won't get much work done ourselves—we'll be too damned busy determining students' political viewpoints!"

Of course, in spite of the mockery, my friend's statements were true. FBI investigation of university students

Atomic Age Fables



XIX: At the Center

THEY dug and dug
and dug and dug
and dug and dug
and dug and dug, and
reached the center of the Earth.

They found gold at the center,
and then they dug and dug
and dug and dug
and dug and dug
and dug and dug, and
the Earth caved in.

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who are not engaged in "classified" research can only result in grave repercussions in all university departments. For it seems clear that once precedent is set, the requirement of FBI clearance will not stop at Atomic Energy Commission fellowships. Next will come any additional Government-sponsored fellowships which might be created. Then industries and individuals who sponsor fellowships may insist that non-Communist affidavits be signed in order to protect themselves. Gradually, as the noose tightens, our universities—our centers of free thought—will be strangled. With the Atomic Energy Commission fellowships as precedent, the prime function of our universities, that of stimulating thought and ideas, may well cease to exist. Truly such circumstances mark the beginning of a police state.

IN addition to the harm which can come to our universities, there is the danger which must be faced by the individual student who applies for an AEC fellowship, this subjecting himself to investigation. We scientists who have exposed ourselves to FBI scrutiny on many occasions know that all too well. The student is held responsible for the "correct thinking" of his father and mother, his wife, his brothers and sisters, and his closest friends. He must realize that if he fails the investigation for any reason (an incautious word, a copy of the *Daily Worker* found in the trash-can by a janitor, spiteful neighbors, a father who was a Party sympathizer) it will go down on his record, and constantly jeopardize his professional existence. It is indeed a large order for a young man who is just starting to face the world!

Is there any hope that the picture will improve? The law is, of course, on the books, and chances of repeal in the near future are remote. But several possibilities loom in the foreground which may well prevent active administration of the law.

The Atomic Energy Commission may refuse to handle fellowships. In spite of the fact that our nation badly needs additional technically trained men, the Commission may realize that offering fellowships under the circumstances will weaken our nation rather than strengthen it.

The National Research Council may refuse to handle the fellowships, even if the Atomic Energy Commission desires to continue with the awards. During the hearings, Dr. Detlev Bronk, the chairman of the Council, and president of Johns Hopkins University, spoke strongly against FBI investigation of students.

Many universities may refuse to accept such fellowships. This possibility is more remote. Administrators of our state institutions of learning have state legislatures breathing down their necks; our privately endowed universities are sorely in need of fellowship funds. While we can expect that some of the more courageous universities will refuse to handle the awards, the majority will probably follow the tide.

We can expect that some faculty members will refuse to handle such fellowships, even if it goes against university policy. Just how extensive such practices might be cannot be estimated at the present time.

Last, but in a sense most important, even if the Atomic Energy Commission, the National Research Council, our universities, and our faculty members continue with the AEC fellowship program, we can look forward to a sharp decrease in fellowship applications. Any student, no matter how politically pure he might think himself to be, would be foolhardy to subject himself at such an early age to

investigation. The dividends can never exceed the personal penalties that might result.

While it is to be hoped that any or all of these counter-activities may succeed, the damage has already been done; the precedent has been set and the design for future legislation has been carved. Nothing short of outright repeal can repair completely the damage that has been done.

Whatever the motives of Mr. O'Mahoney and Mr. Hickenlooper might have been—to embarrass David E. Lilienthal, chairman of the AEC, to prevent possible subversives from being educated at Government expense, to show the folks back home that they're just as anti-Communist as the next fellow—they have in one step succeeded in seriously weakening our atomic energy endeavors. And even more important, they have created the beginnings of a police state in that part of our society where it does our nation greatest harm—our centers of higher learning. They are coming perilously close to repeating the mistake the Germans made when they weakened their scientific position and their ability to wage war successfully by using adherence to Nazi principles as a yardstick to determine a man's fitness to engage in research.

It is ironical that two Senators should have turned out to be not only the "weakest link in our chain of atomic security," but the weakest link in our chain of national security as well. When the day arrives that Americans believe that police-state methods must be utilized to combat police-state actions, we as well as the rest of the world are lost.

—HARRISON BROWN.

Bookmarks

AMONG the numerous groups of phenomena that engross us are examples of the early use of the typewriter by authors. In the late 1880's Amelia E. Barr, the Taylor Caldwell of her time, told an English inquirer: "I use the typewriter in all finished work—Remington's No. 2—for I have four copies to make of each book, one for my American publisher, one for my English, one for an American serial, one for an English." Colonel Thomas W. Knox, who wrote boys' books, said: "Since 1878 I have done all my composition for the press with the Remington typewriter. I can write about twenty-five per cent faster with it than with the pen, and about 100 per cent more legibly. For the first three months it was slow work, and I was inclined to throw the machine out of the window. [Tut, tut, Colonel.] But at present the only money that would induce me to part with it is a sufficient amount to enable me to retire altogether from the effort to make a living."

* * *

Rather worse than disingenuous, in our view, is the practice employed by some publishers of including in advertisements laudatory c o m m e n t s bounded by quotation marks and then assigning no credit for the comment. The explanation is simple—the comment is intramural in origin. A publisher has a right to praise his own book, but he has no right to give the snide impression that he is citing some more dispassionate authority.

* * *

The elegances are creeping back into speech—have they ever been away? The United States Government notes on an insurance dividend: "It is suggested that this check be promptly negotiated." And the other day we heard a Baltimore & Ohio waiter cry as he passed down a car aisle: "First announcement for dinner!" —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wounded Feelings

SIR: Horace Sutton, after his BOOKED FOR TRAVEL of August 27, will have to go some to soothe the wounded feelings of hundreds of female librarians all over the country. He claims that to look for friendship in the book reviewed would be like making love (he imagines) to a librarian. While we do not claim to be a spokesman for the American Library Association, we're sure that its Committee on Intellectual Freedom would not uphold this principle of "guilt by association." We feel that Mr. Sutton has erred in judgment—that he expects too much of books and not enough of librarians!

ETTA SALITA.

Chicago, Ill.

Our French Heritage

SIR: Allan Nevins overstates his case in reviewing "Our English Heritage" by Gerald W. Johnson [*SRL* Aug. 20]. It is but another case, all too common in recent years, of ignoring the influence of French thought in the Americas.

Mr. Nevins says "our culture is as distinctly an Anglo-American culture as that of Quebec is Franco-American and that of Colombia Spanish-American." He says our "fundamental political concepts are primarily of British origin." This is only looking at surfaces. There was something unique, in both the Americas, which set up the American republics.

The American revolution would never have happened had it not been for French thought. Montesquieu, Rousseau, and Voltaire were read and reread by the founding fathers. Montesquieu, it is true, noted the good things in the English political system, which the English themselves did not realize. But his evaluation of them was French.

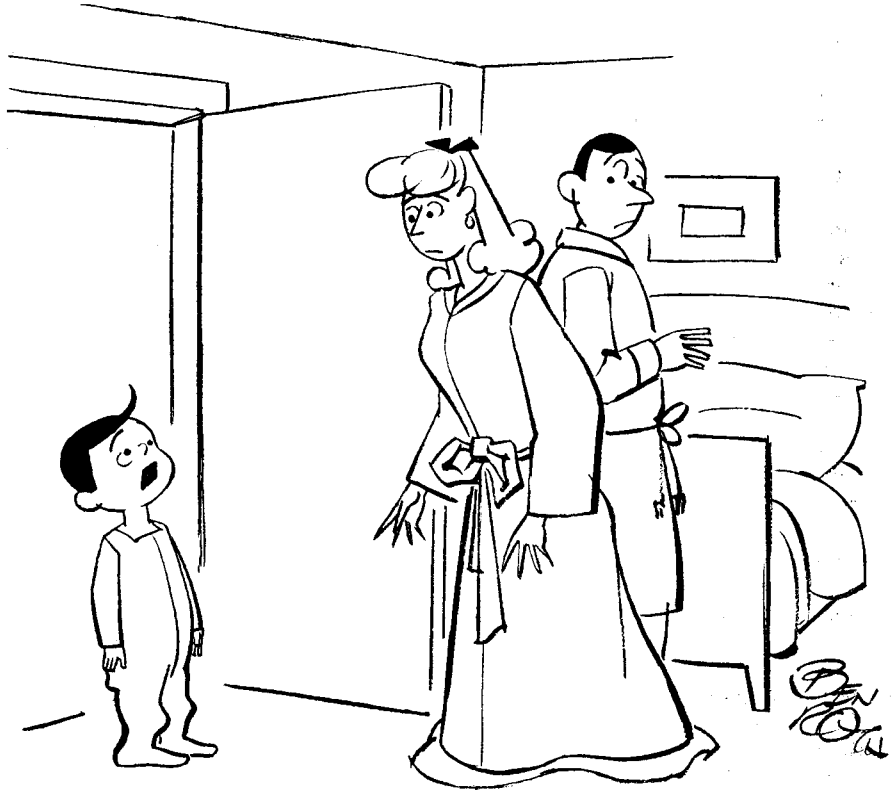
Something happened in this country that could never have happened in a country dominated by British ideas, for the British—despite their ideas of personal liberty—are monarchists to the core. The most radical and astonishing thing happened in the thirteen colonies at the end of the eighteenth century. A secular government based on the sovereignty of the people was set up. The only Englishman who seems to have been carried away by the French radical thought that made this possible was Thomas Paine.

I cannot speak for the French-Canadians, but I know the Latin Americans pretty well. I can assure Messrs. Johnson and Nevins that their revolutions early in the nineteenth century were similarly dominated by the intellectual ideas that swept through the educated classes at that period in history. The Latin American republics were modeled after the republics set up in the United States and in France. Spanish thought had no effect. It was French thought plus an independency that seems to have resulted from pioneering life in the whole of the Western Hemisphere.

The English to this day do not understand the spirit of the American Revolution for the reason, perhaps, that French thought never dented their intellectual isolation. I can understand this. But I cannot understand why so many American scholars ignore the influence of French eighteenth-century thought in the making of their own country.

TIMOTHY G. TURNER.

Los Angeles, Calif.



"It's my birthday. What do I get that's educational and what did you get me that I can play with?"

Ie Shima, Not Iwo Jima

SIR: While reading through the Anniversary Issue [*SRL* Aug. 6] my attention was arrested by the caption beneath Ernie Pyle's picture. It stated that he, Pyle, was "killed in the attack on Iwo Jima." I think, with a bit of inquiry, you will find that he was killed during an attack on Ie Shima, a small island, which lies off the west coast of Okinawa in the Ryuku Island chain.

WEATHERS Y. SYKES.

Chicago, Ill.

"The Decline of Attention"

SIR: Clifton Fadiman's article on "The Decline of Attention" [*SRL* Aug. 6] represents a superficial view of the modern scene with which I am in thorough sympathy. For all those who are productive in the arts, or what pass therefore in an inattentive society, the attention accorded to obvious trash by ever-widening circles of the population must be a source of constant agony and embarrassment.

The inspiration of the word "superficial" in the first sentence of this letter is the suspicion that Mr. Fadiman has been misled by the mass phenomenon, which he and I deprecate, into believing that the circle of attention to the strains of art and truth is narrowing proportionately as the audience to more ignoble themes expands. That Mr. Fadiman's conviction on this score is genuine is shown by the fact that he himself felt constrained, a step somewhat puzzling to his admirers, to abandon the book review column of the *New Yorker* for "Information Please" and the book clubs, in other words to participate personally in capturing the attention of those not wedded to finer things.

To return, however, from Mr. Fadiman to the point at issue, I wonder if the record of appreciation of works of art in America in the last twenty years is not something of which we can be proud. It is true that there is now an enormously expanded circle of those whom a half-baked education has prepared for an easy surrender of their attention to the stimulating fictions which today congest all realms of art and philosophy. It is also true that the seductive appeal of these fictions to even the noblest of purists eats dangerously into the intellectual core about which our body politic so precariously spins.

As in all fertile eras, however, do we not live fruitfully if dangerously? As the intellectual core is whittled away by the seductive devices of Mr. Fadiman and others, is not there being built up on its outer peripheries, like a world acquiring form out of gaseous elements, a far wider circle of potential auditors, deafened at the moment

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by the beating of the brasses but apt nevertheless, through their fresh exposure to the media of communication, to develop in coming decades the sensitivity reserved in the past to aristocracies? In short, whereas the digests, the movies, the slicks, and the radio may corrupt those fitted for deeper insights, may they not also in their crude way fertilize the multitudes, who in the past were born to blush unseen but in the future may, when the insemination has reached a subtler stage, give culture a currency unknown in more attentive epochs?

This may be wishful thinking (after another war or two it could easily become so), but there seems no more reason at present to regret that art is being vulgarized than that the same fate is overtaking politics, medical care, scenery, and psychoanalysis. After all while the first result may be to debase the coinage in each realm, its freer circulation may well lead in the end to a wider distribution of the wealth of the mind.

CHARLES W. YOST.

Washington, D. C.

For Whose Sake Art?

SIR: Ezra Pound mad may serve a better cause than Ezra Pound sane. His "Cantos," which are the debris of yesteryear's romantic poetries, reveal the ultimate stultification of our times by showing up both our poetic paucity and the hopeless condition of our cultural values. Mr. Evans, Librarian of Congress, referred to these "Cantos" [*SRL* July 2] "—from my poetically ignorant point of view—"! The head of the world's greatest library floored by a primordial art form! Today we don't build parks, we build playgrounds. Today the Metropolitan Life Building mocks the robot colonies of Parkchester and Stuyvesant-Cooper Villages. Our automobiles are doughy globs. Our women wear the New Shnook. Our motion pictures explore new developing solutions. Ezio Pinza mounts from Metropolitan Opera to the heights of M-G-M.

The dilemma of the liberal—for whose sake art?

I. J. ALEXANDER.

New York, N. Y.

"My Kind of Poetry"

SIR: It is fortunate that the Struthers Burt letter, "Pro Bollingen Bosh," should appear in the same issue with "My Kind of Poetry," by Peter Viereck [*SRL* Aug. 27]. They complement each other perfectly and are, I think, the most important contribution that has been offered in the controversy, the most sustained and lucid. And they cover a larger field of the arts, too. "My Kind of Poetry" is without rancor, and its candor and objectivity are refreshing. It supports the argument of Struthers Burt, and the two go far in penetrating the smoke screen of verbiage. The original Hillyer articles left a slightly bad taste like political oratory, but these support both sensibility and intelligence with penetrating candor.

RAY BOYNTON.

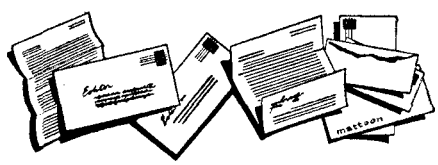
Santa Fé, N. M.

SIR: Peter Viereck's essay represents an attempt to restrict the scope of poetry to an absurd extent. Most of us, poets and poetry lovers, respect the artist who is able to meet successfully the challenge of the sonnet or the ballade. But some people, including myself, feel that the form of the poem should be determined by the content—indeed, by the poem itself! There are poetic "ideas" which cling to an unconventional form, yet are destroyed if that form is changed, because the form is an essential part of the "idea." Are these "ideas" less poetic because they are not conventional? Mr. Viereck's "kind of poetry" is a kind I happen to like; I think he is good. But this does not make less conventional poems less poetic for me. The inseparability between what is said and how it is said is one of the major sources of unconventional poetry. I do not speak for the "moderns," but it seems to me that the best case for their poetry is found in the importance of form as a contribution to the whole poem, not in any declaration that the form can stand alone.

ROBERT H. MARSH.

San Diego, Calif.

SIR: As just one lover of real poetry, no doubt a pitiably unenlightened one, please allow me to make my very humble contribution to the great controversy. Peter Viereck's article seems to be just the same old rigamarole we have learned to expect. "The dragon



is dead—I am the dragon." Condemn the fake, praise the fakers as "great poets," and give us a specimen of the new, the real, thing, just like the old.

GRANVILLE TRACE.

Atascadero, Calif.

SIR: Peter Viereck's observations that the men who made the Bollingen Award are non-Fascists and are "among the world's most serious poets" are well taken. Nevertheless, the award to "The Pisan Cantos" and the nature of much modern poetry and criticism reflect the attitude that appreciation of poetry must filter down from the elect few to the many through the media of an esoteric criticism. Witting or unwitting, this is an authoritarian attitude so far as literature is concerned. A good poem should be able to make its appeal to an intelligent, cultured reader without the intermediary of elaborate exegesis. The best of Eliot's work and indeed of Pound's does stand on its own; unfortunately the obscurantist tendencies in each poet have been widely admired and imitated, and it is against the tortuously obscure that the independent reader has the right to protest.

Poetry is usually symptomatic of the state of a culture. In an age that idealized democracy and the individual, Wordsworth began a literary revolution with poetry written in the language of the common man. During the past three decades, when small groups of various complexions have been arrogating to themselves absolute authority over political thought, the literary revolt has been toward poetry not merely for the intellectual few, but for those of the intelligentsia who were of the inner circle. This attempt to restrict poetry to the superintellectual is not, of course, Fascistic, but it does fit into an attitude, recognizable in the political field, that the unguided individual is not competent to make his own decisions. Meanwhile it is heartening to believers in literary independence that a few young poets do not think it beneath them to address their verse to the intelligent general reader.

ARTHUR M. SAMPLEY.

Denton, Texas

Treasury of Divine Wisdom

SIR: In his letter [*SRL* Sept. 3] David J. Lamb says that the Catholic Church is universal, that members are of all shades, and that anti-Catholicism is the result of complete ignorance. All history, our own included, is replete with illustrious men who were anti-Catholic. These, in recent times, included many of our presidents, and, to name one writer of world fame, H. G. Wells. I am in distinguished company. Sin and Satan preceeded the Catholic Church and numbers all shades. Does that attest to the desirability of its universality?

Dr. Blanshard is not renewing an unsuccessful effort but continuing a highly successful one which began centuries ago, being continuously fortified by truth-seeking, hypocrisy-hating, informed, courageous minds, many of whom paid with their lives at the hands of this "Treasury of Divine Wisdom." The influence of that "Treasury" caused our army to print a Bible distributed to Catholics in the armed forces, which contained the expression, "The Jews are the synagogue of Satan." Some Treasury of Divine Wisdom; some Christianity!

RALPH R. SACKLEY.

Chicago, Ill.

Concerning Rose Horses

SIR: Referring to THE FINE ARTS in *SRL* of Sept. 3, I know nothing about art (no, I won't say the rest of it), but M. Baudelaire was almost right when he asserted "that horses of a light rose color could be found in nature." The color known as "strawberry roan" is close enough to rose to justify the assertion. So the point was not at all "downright insecure." Like the yellow horse in "The Three Musketeers," probably an early type of Palomino, the rose horse need not have been a matter of argument, except between those whose ivory towers have no windows.

J. DAVIS REICHARD, M.D.

Staten Island, N. Y.

Challenge Answered

SIR: In your editorial "Unsung" [*SRL* Aug. 27], the writer issues a challenge, "Name two other editors of Maxwell Perkins's generation." Well, here goes: Richard Walsh and Alfred McIntyre, both classmates of Maxwell's at Harvard, Class of 1907. Does this answer the query?

THEODORE W. KNAUTH.

New York, N. Y.

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SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 23*)

been "not the least of the alchemists' achievements."

* * *

THE career of Santiago Ramón y Cajal, Spain's only Nobel Prize scientist, was a passionate drive to understand the most complex structure nature has yet evolved—the human brain. His brilliant discoveries are fundamental to many current studies, including the much-publicized field of "cybernetics," which aims to make a science out of the comparison between brains and electronic calculating machines. Furthermore, his life was one of the most colorful in science history.

Yet of all the great scientists of modern times, Cajal is probably the least known. His vividly written autobiography, which was translated into English more than a decade ago, received notice mainly in technical journals, and the man has enjoyed public obscurity together with the book. Dorothy F. Cannon, medical editor of the J. B. Lippincott Co., has finally helped remedy this situation with a new book, "Explorer of the Human Brain," on the Spanish anatomist written in easily understandable language. She has drawn liberally from the translated autobiography (as any biographer would have to), and has also added information from other sources.

Cajal was born in 1852 and died in 1934. From 1880 on he published about 275 papers and books on brain research conducted at Zarazoga, Valencia, Barcelona, and Madrid. He started by improving an already discovered way of staining nerve cells with silver nitrate so that they could be more readily observed under the microscope. This unexciting technique became a powerful tool for exploring what Cajal called "the cerebral jungle," masses of cells embedded in a matrix of delicate and tangled fibers.

Most anatomists of Cajal's time were overwhelmed by the jungle. They had not developed techniques for analyzing its complex structures, a limitation they dignified in the so-called reticular hypothesis, the idea that the brain's fibers were fused together into a single continuous net. As Cajal realized, this theory was simply a white flag, a way of saying "it is all one, you need investigate no further." By studying nervous-system structure in animal and human embryonic tissue, before the jungle had grown to its full complexity, he showed that the brain—like other organs—was composed of individual cells. These were nerve cells or neurons which communicated with one another by the intimate contact, but not the fusion, of their fiber-tendrils. He also found that each neuron is designed with an entrance and an exit; it has certain fibers to receive electrical signals from other neurons, and different fibers to transmit its own messages.

Miss Cannon writes clearly about these and other discoveries. She describes the scientist as a frustrated artist, a self-made Sandow (during his "muscular epoch" when he determined to thrash a local bully), and an ardent Spanish republican. For readers sufficiently interested to look up Cajal's own story of his life—and, judging by the interesting material in the present book, there should be many—one minor error ought to be corrected. The autobiography was published by the American Philosophical Society and not the American Historical Society.

Both the Taylor and Cajal works are in the Life of Science Library.

From "Souvenirs Entymologiques"

Edwin Way Teale.

THE INSECT WORLD OF J. HENRI FABRE. With Introduction and Interpretative Comments by Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 333 pp. $3.50.

By Donald Culross Peattie

THIS is a new and fairly compendious selection, if not an "omnibus," from Fabre's immortal "Souvenirs Entymologiques." For those who do not own a complete set of Fabre's works it will be found a satisfactory collection, made all the more so by the brief but excellent remarks by Edwin Way Teale, which precedes each selection.

As the poets and artists have made it an exciting moment to the American when he first hears the nightingale or the European cuckoo, first beholds the ilex and olive trees made immortal by Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil, or sees the wildflowers of the Alps, so Fabre has made the insects of his native region a part not only of the science but the literature of the world. When I first heard, in a Provençal summer, the cicada lift its voice, Fabre and his famous chapter on this song rose up before me. When I saw the pine caterpillars making their procession, eagerly I performed over Fabre's simple experiment of tricking them into an unending circle where their guiding instinct misguided them. The whole countryside, in my six years there, was alive with Fabre, long dead, and his beloved insects.

What he did with his pen for the insects of the south of France, Mr. Teale with his camera is doing right here in this country. And that reminds us that we miss in this collection any illustrations. Not even line-drawings have been vouchsafed to show the reader what these insects look like. In this respect the present volume compares poorly with "Fabre's

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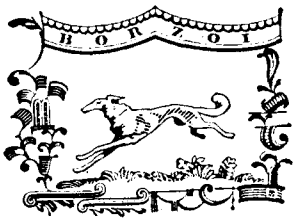

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Book of Insects," put out in 1935, and superbly illustrated by E. J. Detmold.

The opening selection, which is the essence of Fabre's *apologia pro vita sua,* contains the famous lines that distinguished the field naturalist from the academic biologist:

> You [he says to the laboratory scientists] rip up the animal and I study it alive; you turn it into an object of horror and pity, whereas I cause it to be loved; you labor in a torture-chamber and dissecting-room, I make my observations under the blue sky to the song of the cicadas; you subject cell and protoplasm to chemical tests, I study instinct in its loftiest manifestations; you pry into death, I pry into life . . . if I write for men of learning, for philosophers, who, one day, will try to some extent to unravel the tough problem of instinct, I write above all things for the young. I want to make them love the natural history which you make them hate.

Not until his old age did Fabre even own a microscope, and a bit of weedy terrain where he could study his insects, lying face down in the grass if he wished, free from the fury of peasants who thought him a fruit stealer, the officiousness of country policemen, and the jeers of women who tapped their foreheads. Those peerless observations on the pine caterpillars' processions, on the burying or sexton beetles, on the fierce hunting wasps, on the glowworm's life as an anesthetist, on the mysterious way that the female peacock moth calls her lovers through the night, were almost all made with exactly the same equipment that you and I possess and do not use—eyes, ears, patience, and reason—yet Fabre became with only these tools a very great scientist indeed. When this was recognized, the recognition came from the top—Darwin, and our own Dr. L. O. Howard of the Bureau of Entomology in Washington. Little men still caviled at Fabre's lack of systematics, or imagined that because his style was beautiful then his facts must be wrong.

Donald Culross Peattie is author of "The Road of a Naturalist," and numerous other books.

Sulfa & Antibiotics

THE MIRACLE DRUGS. By Boris Sokoloff, M.D. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 308 pp. $3.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THE literature on the sulfa drugs, the antibiotics (penicillin, streptomycin, and the rest), and chemotherapy has grown enormously since Sir Alexander Fleming discovered penicillin about twenty years ago. Of necessity, therefore, Dr. Boris Sokoloff goes over much old ground in his popular work on the new ways in which infectious diseases are managed. He brings his subject up to the minute by reporting on the newest antibiotics, and this is the justification for discanting on the "miracle" drugs again. Considering the rate at which new antibiotics are extracted from molds and soil bacteria Dr. Sokoloff's volume will probably be outmoded a year hence.

Dr. Sokoloff in the earlier chapters on his subject writes in the vein of

Boris Sokoloff—"magic bullets and snatches of imaginary conversations."

Paul de Kruif, so that we hear much about "magic bullets," and read snatches of imaginary conversations that such celebrities as Pasteur, Metchnikoff, and others are supposed to have carried on with their laboratory underlings. The history of the work done by Pasteur, Lister, Ehrlich, Fleming, and others is well told and so simply that anybody with a high-school education ought to understand it. As a practical bacteriologist, Dr. Sokoloff knows what to emphasize and what to subordinate.

Far too much space is given to the methods whereby penicillin is commercially produced. The presentation of the details retards the progress of the reader so that his interest necessarily flags. Nearly one-third of the book is given over to penicillin as a result, and nothing new is told about it. The interest increases when Dr. Sokoloff passes on to the newer antibiotics such as streptomycin, aureomycin, chloromycetin. But when Dr. Sokoloff tells us to what therapeutic uses such antibiotics as penicillin and streptomycin are put he gives us a catalogue which is informative but no livelier than catalogues usually are. It is astonishing that, though Pfeiffer's bacillus was dismissed years ago as the cause of influenza Dr. Sokoloff takes it seriously on page 79. On page 246, however, he correctly states that influenza is a virus disease against which no sulfa drug or antibiotic is effective.

Unlike most popularizers of science, Dr. Sokoloff has carefully documented his book and supplied it not only with a good bibliography of technical literature on the various subjects that he discusses but also with an analytic index that ought to be a help to the reader who wants to get a special piece of information quickly.

Tree of Fire

By Dilys Bennett Laing

OUT of the vegetable heart
on ladders of a hidden light
climbs up the blazing tree of art
whose secret boughs of inward sight
ring with the birds of Yeats and shake
with angels of St. John and Blake.

And from those boughs through which no sap
siphons to fall shall fruit be shook
of bronze and ruby to your lap
(there where you sit and skyward look)
which eaten, shall not taint your breath
with appled scent of life and death.

And there beneath those tenting boughs
which are a roof above desire
recall how time was made to house
brute, man and ghost, how light and fire
were the beginning, were the root
and are the everlasting fruit.

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Ideas and Studies. *Most philosophies with wide followings have long and checkered histories, marked by alternating periods of popularity and disfavor. Consider materialism. Originally developed as a system in the fourth century B.C., it enjoyed a particular vogue during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Today it is rather out of fashion; but a group of contemporary adherents has undertaken in a new book, "Philosophy for the Future" (see page 32), to restate it so as to give it special relevance to the mid-twentieth century. Or consider the doctrine of laissez-faire, which had wide currency between the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. In a modified form it had a renaissance with the publication in 1944 of Hayek's "Road to Serfdom." It is stated even more baldly by Ludwig von Mises, another member of the Austrian School of Economics, in "Human Action" (see below).*

Capitalist Manifesto

HUMAN ACTION. By Ludwig von Mises. New Haven: Yale University Press. 889 *pp.* $10.

By Seymour E. Harris

THIS book is a learned treatise on economics by the ranking member of the famous Austrian School of Economics. But it is also a "Capitalist Manifesto," a belligerent attack on Marxism, on Keynesianism, on state interventionism generally, and, above all, an apotheosis of the businessman. Forthright and courageous, Professor Von Mises uses the axe, not the scalpel; and with it he strikes virtually all living economists. His heroes are the founders of the Austrian School; and among contemporary economists, his student, Hayek, alone seems to be on the right track. In fact, "Human Action," *inter alia*, is an extreme "Road to Serfdom."

Professor Von Mises presents ably and clearly the Austrian theory of capital and the rate of interest, a nineteenth-century theory of the relation of money and prices, a critique of Marxism, a monetary theory of the trade cycle, a long discussion of the epistemological problems of the sciences of human action, of the market and the pricing system, etc.

But this book could just as well have been written in 1900 as in 1950, for the author has little use for twentieth-century economics. Wedded to the dynamic, individualistic economic system, Von Mises remains static in his thinking, quarantining himself against every advance in economics since 1900: mathematical economics, the new theory of monopolistic competition, Keynesianism, new planning theory—all of these in his view obfuscate the issues, or are positively wrong. However important the contributions of Classical Economics or even the Austrian School with their important (though not quite so important as Von Mises claims) contribution to the theory of value, Von Mises is wrong to assume that the tens of thousands of economists in the twentieth-century, relatively and absolutely well trained, could not have added something to the foundations built by economists of earlier centuries numbered in the hundreds.

Here is indeed a book that would in many ways have been anachronistic in 1850. For example, the author criticizes government limitation of the hours of work of children and women. Indeed, he insists that the economist's task is not with ends but with means; and that if the means to a higher standard are longer hours, why should the economist support reduced hours? But why does Von Mises insist on choosing the ends rather than allowing society to determine them?

Von Mises's fundamental point seems to be that the business man can do no wrong. His devotion to the entrepeneur is reflected in an attack on economic forecasters, who, in his view, are presumptuous in arrogating to themselves a function performed admirably by businessmen. Von Mises dismisses the popular investment theories of the trade cycle in part because he discovers underlying this theory the heretical assumption that businessmen *generally* might be so fallible as to overinvest. But Von Mises, so proud of his historical sense, surely recalls the overinvestment of 1857, 1873, 1893, 1929, and possibly 1948. Many view modern methods of advertising as a blemish on the capitalist system. Not so Von Mises, who states that the low standards mirror not the lack of taste of businessmen but of the public. Again, it is an insult to the businessman's intelligence, our author holds, to assume that a businessman can be trained. (Dean David of the Harvard Business School please copy.)

> In order to succeed in business a man does not need a degree from a school of business administration. . . . No special education is required for such a display of keen judgment, foresight, and energy."

Finally, deflation, the declining phase of economic activity has no terror for our author: leave it to the businessman. He will pull us through. Did he in the Thirties? In fact, Von Mises welcomes the deflation or bloodletting stage of business activity.

Von Mises unfortunately does not understand Keynesian economics or else misrepresents it. True, Keynesians stress the need of more money and more spending in depression; but they seek more output, not, as Von Mises claims, merely more money. Again, it is not correct to impute to Keynes a theory that associates rising wage rates and declining unemployment; for, as any careful reader of Keynes's "General Theory" knows, changes in wage rates are held to be largely neutral.

It is unfortunate that our author, who himself castigates those who refuse to classify economics as a science, should write as follows:

> This is the Santa Claus fable [spending] raised by Lord Keynes to the dignity of an economic doctrine and enthusiastically endorsed by all those *who expect personal advantage from government spending.* [Italics the reviewer's.]
>
> The fanaticism with which the supporters of all these non-monetary doctrines refuse to acknowledge their errors is of course a display of political bias.

On unemployment, Von Mises is incredible. Any worker unemployed, he says, chooses to be so. If he wants a job, he need only accept a lower wage.

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I suggest to the unemployed New England textile worker that he try to undercut the union rate, and see what happens. Furthermore, Von Mises, unlike Henry Ford, fails to take account of the effects of reduced wages on purchases. The interpretation of trade unionism throughout is that it is legal gangsterism, and that "collective bargaining could not raise the height of wage rates above the point of the unhampered markets."

All our troubles, the author holds, stem from government. Von Mises really lets himself go on the bungling of government. For example, American historians will be surprised to learn that the early monetary difficulties of the nineteenth-century were the result of government meddling. If government had only allowed free banking, the greedy bankers would soon have been eliminated.

And the gold standard, untouched by government, is still the reigning monetary monarch for Von Mises. He does not bother to tell us how, without successive debasements and the great expansion of credit not closely tied to gold, a country with an income of about 200 times that of 150 years ago could have found the necessary circulating media. How much wiser were the rulers of the Middle Ages who, confronted with inadequate supplies of money, debased, that is raised, the price of an ounce of metal.

One could go on endlessly listing the errors, the misinterpretations, the archaic doctrines held by Professor Von Mises.

We do, indeed, need forthright criticism; but we also need some understanding of what is being criticized. Another Austrian economist, Professor Joseph Schumpeter, perhaps the outstanding economist of the day, also critical of Keynes and Marx, has done a much better job of criticism.

Seymour E. Harris is professor of economics at Harvard University.

Dissatisfied with Naturalism

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FUTURE: The Quest of Modern Materialism. Edited by Roy Wood Sellars, V. J. McGill, and Marvin Farber. New York: The Macmillan Co. 657 pp. $7.50.

By Robert Bierstedt

FIVE years ago a group of philosophers published a volume entitled "Naturalism and the Human Spirit." The various contributors to it attempted, with considerable success, to give meaning, form, and substance, to a point of view which in recent decades has won many devotees among the practitioners of philosophy. The present volume is in some sense an answer to the earlier one. The editors express a rather sharp dissatisfaction with naturalism, imply that on some of the issues of philosophy it is lacking in candor, and assert that on all of these issues it represents a negative approach to the phenomena of the universe. These more recent writers believe that what is needed is a courageous acceptance of all of the materialistic implications of modern science and to this end attempt to reinterpret and reconstruct, in contemporary terms, a philosophy which is as old as Leucippus.

Now materialism, a philosophy which adheres consistently to two fundamental notions, (1) that matter is real and (2) that the existence of the world is prior to and independent of experience, has suffered constant contumely at the hands of its opponents. Materialism has frequently been insulted with such adjectives as "gross," "crass," and "crude," and indeed there is the further, if usually suppressed opinion, that materialism is in some peculiar fashion an unethical doctrine to hold and that materialists are quite likely to be people who can find no reason for repaying loans. In the face of such an attitude few writers of our day, except the Marxists and the aloof Santayana, have been willing to stand up and be counted as materialists. In spite of this situation we have, in the book under review, a group of writers who are willing to do just that and who attempt, in their many separate ways, to add a modern rigor to the ancient vitality of this philosophy.

The editors of the volume, professors of philosophy respectively at Michigan, Hunter, and Buffalo, have gathered together, from universities in several countries, some distinguished contributors including Benjamin Farrington, Christopher Hill, H. J. Pos, Auguste Cornu, Everett J. Nelson, Dirk J. Struik, Roy K. Marshall, Leopold Infeld, Melba Phillips, J. B. S. Haldane, C. Judson Herrick, T. C. Schneirla, Judd Marmor, Bernhard J. Stern, Leslie A. White, Maurice Dobb, J. D. Bernal, Abraham Edel, John R. Reid, C. West Churchman, Maurice Cornforth, G. P. Conger, Wilfrid Sellars, and George Lukacs. The foreword, containing a short exposition of materialism, is by the editors. The essays themselves, of which there are too many to list the titles, fall into three roughly distinguishable groups: first, an historical survey; second, a series on recent developments in mathematics, astronomy, physics, biology, psychology, psychoanalysis, ethnology, economics, and sociology; and third, critiques of such competing philosophies as naturalism, positivism, pragmatism, and existentialism.

It is obviously impossible to comment on all of these essays or even to single out some for differential treatment. The essays on science are uniformly excellent although some are more technical than others. The essays on philosophy proper are for the most part profound and provocative, although one or two perhaps betray evidence of confusion or of hasty composition. Some in both fields have a clear Marxist orientation. In general, and without further or detailed elaboration, it may be said that the volume as a whole constitutes a major contribution to philosophy.

She Danced

By Katharine Day Little

GRAVELY and gaily, holding on her arm
The infant Jesu from the chapel wall
Down through the cloister dancing, came the saint,
The fiery Teresa, swift to shield from harm
Fierce to rebuke, knowing the heart of all
With faultless insight, lifting those who faint,—
Wise witty, shot with humor, her words glow
As vivid as her Spain of fire and snow.

Beneath the winding ramparts, set to guard
The ancient holy Avila, her nuns stood
Watching the lovely figure, and toward
Her mystic circlings, climbed a rising flood
Of wonder, joy, and shy adoring glances:
Sister, my sister, Reverend Mother dances!

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NEW EDITIONS

ALBERT SCHWEITZER'S "Out of My Life and Thought" (Holt, $3.50) is the autobiography of an extraordinary man, long recognized as eminent in several fields, whose figure and achievements have been increasingly in the world's eyes during recent years. Sections of this record are so terse and prosaic that they may repel some readers, for the author has given us parts of his life-story before and has chosen not to repeat himself at length. But no one who does not already know this story should permit himself to be repelled. It is a document which must prove either an inspiration or a rebuke to all who scan it. Few men have ever used their years and powers as fully as Dr. Schweitzer has; few have ever realized so completely in action their religious and ethical principles. In few has the life force flowed through so many channels. Having distinguished himself as Protestant preacher and university teacher, having made a great contribution to New Testament criticism and another to musical literature, having commanded respect as an organist and as an expert in the construction of organs, Albert Schweitzer, at the age of thirty, turned away from won successes to study medicine for seven years, so that he might turn his back on Europe and devote himself to the physical welfare of far-away natives in Equatorial Africa. But his withdrawal from the civilized world resulted in no diminution of his intellectual and spiritual activities—on the edge of the primeval forest, in the midst of the hardest physical labor, they continued without abatement and with increasing fruitfulness. It was in Africa that the persistent thinker finally formulated the ethic by which he had already lived so long, named it "Reverence for Life," and proclaimed it as "the realistic answer to the realistic question of how man and the world are related to each other."

If Dr. Schweitzer is often dry and brief when writing of his own actions, he becomes eloquent whenever he writes of Jesus or of Paul, of Bach or of old organs, of the state of man and what he must do to be saved. And, if he is usually humble, there is no humility in his expression of religious and philosophical conviction. Only a thinker supremely sure of himself could declare that "Reverence for Life" is the one ethic to which rational thought can lead. Only a proud spirit could challenge Christianity to come to terms with a philosophy of his own devising. But Albert Schweitzer has earned his certainties. (It should be added that this edition has a postscript by Everett Skillings, which brings the record from 1931 down to 1949.)

A. C. Bradley's famous "Shakespearean Tragedy," first published in 1904, has been reprinted by Macmillan ($5). These studies of "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," and "Macbeth" are stimulating in their general views, valuable for their character analyses, and controversial in their examinations of specific problems. Illuminating and useful in its field is Joseph Wood Krutch's "Comedy and Conscience after the Restoration" (Columbia, $3.75), a scholarly, intelligent exposition of the several influences which combined to make Restoration Comedy give way to Sentimental Comedy, thereby effecting "the triumph of morality and criticism over wit." One of the stalwarts of Charles II's stage, by the way, has been recently added to the Mermaid Series reprints: "William Wycherley" (A. A. Wyn, $3). L. C. Knights, of *Scrutiny*, insists with a fine show of paradox that Restoration comedies are to be condemned, not because they are "immoral," but because "they are trivial, gross, and dull." Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" and "Country Wife," among others, still give his the lie on one count, and probably two.

The Heritage Press offers "The Complete Stories of Hans Christian Andersen" (3 vols.), translated by Jean Hersholt, illustrated by Fritz Kredel; "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" ($5), illustrated by Kredel; and "The Brothers Karamazov" ($5), illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

WE OPEN IN VENICE

VENICE.

WHEN the huge CIAT motorcoach pulled into the bustling Piazzale Roma from Padua the other evening and began unloading baggage and passengers, the American lady was indignant. "Aren't you going to take us to our hotels?" she asked. The hostess of the tourist bus, who must speak three languages, turned to her, and with some restraint explained: "Madam, this bus doesn't float."

It is difficult for Americans to comprehend that a city built on teakwood pilings some miles from the mainland might voluntarily have stayed that way through the centuries. Although some inroads into the ancient leisurely civilization have been made by the invasion of motorboats and Coca-Cola, both of which are now part of the current Venetian culture, the prime mover in this city is still the gondola. Venice has no horses, no carriages, no bicycles, and no dust. The policeman, the ambulance driver, the candid cameraman, the undertaker, *and* the Coca-Cola distributor all make their appointed rounds by boat. With certain limitations you can be a pedestrian in Venice, but you have to weave your way through tiny streets strung together with 400 bridges.

The heart of the city's life for Venetian or tourist, is St. Mark's Square, a piazza which the guidebook assures me is 192 yards long, and (since it is not exactly square) from 61 to 90 feet wide. It is bordered, on the long sides, by a pair of wedding-cake structures, and on the ends by the Byzantine mosques of St. Mark's Cathedral and a palace built by order of Napoleon in 1799. The travel agencies and the lace and leather goods shops are hidden under the arcades that cover the sidewalks. Red, green, and yellow tables of the sidewalk cafes stretch out across the square, and no one really cares how long you take to sip a vermouth or an iced coffee—a concoction which involves two inches of whipped cream on top of the glass and a ball of ice cream inside. Should you linger late at Florian's, the most famous of St. Mark's cafes, the waiter will come to collect the bill, and to tell you please not to disturb yourself, to stay as late as you like, and not to worry about finishing your drinks in a hurry because he will tell the night man to take in the glasses.

The pigeons of St. Mark's, which for international renown dip no wings to Capistrano's swallows, bathe all day in their own fountain alongside the cathedral. But sharply at two each afternoon the city's entire pigeon population swoops down on the far corner of the square where the municipal pigeon feeder appears with a sack of municipal corn.

The square is the beginning and the end of every festivity. When I arrived Sunday evening blue lights were playing on the ancient mosaics over the doors of the cathedral giving the whole building the semblance of an unbelievable vision in an oriental dream. In front of each of the hundreds of arched second-floor windows all around the square was a three-foot electric candle burning with an amber light. Out of the windows of the Royal Danieli Hotel, a block away, it was perhaps 200 yards to the Italian light cruiser *Raimondo Montecuccoli* anchored in the lagoon. Her decks were strung with white light bulbs from bow to stern. The mundane reason was the annual lottery in the square. Venice loves a party no matter what the season.

Hotels like the Danieli, where Dewey stayed on his recent tour, charge about $5.50 a day per person (European plan), including the usual charge for service and the addition of local and Government taxes. The Europa, the Regina, and the elegant Gritti Palace, which was host to Princess Margaret Rose some weeks ago, are ten minutes by gondola from the noisy center of waterfront traffic. All three hotels have flower-draped dining terraces hanging over the canal, and all are always full of celebrities. Sinclair Lewis wrote most of his new book in a second-floor Gritti suite overlooking the canal. Lewis and Hemingway met at the Gritti bar. Scattered among the Gritti's fifteen outdoor tables the other night were Sir Duff Cooper and Lady Diane, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife, and Joseph Cotten with Joan Fontaine. The management is breathlessly awaiting the arrival of Toscanini.

Each evening at six the international colony vacationing in Venice, almost with the punctuality of the pigeons, reports for cocktails at Harry's Bar, a tiny edition of New York's "21." A whopping slug of scotch goes for $1.20, a third of a

—*Italian National Tourist Office.*

Water, water everywhere—and Coca-Cola

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tumbler of American whiskey for 90¢. A dinner of filet of sole Casanova, cooked with mushrooms, white wine, curry, and rice is $2.50. Pure Italian restaurants, which cater to the Italian as well as the tourist, are about a third less. But Harry's gets everybody. Richard Halliburton once jumped into the canal from the place, and tried to swim to the railroad station. And one morning in 1937, quite by coincidence, four kings were imbibing at Harry's at the same time. Harry, or Guiseppe Ciprani as he is officially known, recently opened a country inn on Torcello, a nearby island which was entirely evacuated in the fifteenth century as the result of a malaria epidemic. A hundred farmers are Torcello's entire population today, and many of the hundred have never seen an automobile. The island exudes an almost hypnotizing tranquility. Hemingway sailed out to Torcello for lunch one day last fall and came back forty days later.

For relief from the tranquility there is always the Lido, a sophisticated sandbar on the Adriatic, fifteen minutes by motor launch from Venice. Here Barbara Hutton first met Prince Mdivani, here beach pajamas were first introduced, here Hitler first met Mussolini. The social life at the fabulous Excelsior begins at four in the afternoon and ends at six in the morning. Although there is no accredited social leader, Hollywood seems to be the new society. The beach was full of American stars all summer.

Although the gondoliers suffer from perhaps the same indigestion that plagues the taxi drivers of Paris, everyone else in Italy treats the tourist with magnificent *politesse*. The street financiers who deal in dollars and hang around in front of American Express approach you with a discreet, "Change your money, sir?" The sidewalk jewelry salesmen offer their trays poetically. "Hello, cameo?" they say. Four years after the war and two years after the occupation it was a surprise to hear the prostitutes sitting at the cafes open the bidding with the familiar, "Hey, Joe, gotta cigarette?" Ask the doorman at Rome's open-air opera to get you a taxi, and he is off over the hills like Paavo Nurmi with a hotfoot. And then there was the hotel manager who welcomed me with a bow and handshake and implored me to ask him for any favor. "If there is anything I can do for you, sir," he said bending in half, "please dispose of me." —HORACE SUTTON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 327

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 327 will be found in the next issue.

BMJS TSJ MFX GJJS

YMWJFYJSJI BNYM F

WJFY NSOZXYNHJ, TSJ

FHHJUYX F XRFQQJW

FX F KFATZW.

—OFSJ BJQXM HFWQDQJ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 326

His imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich. It enabled him to run, though not to soar.
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Seeing Things

OLD GLORY

THEY have long since met and gone home, those wizened reminders of the past who were still able to travel. The youngest of them was a mere stripling of 100; the most venerable was eight years his senior. From Portland, Oregon; from Duluth and Pontiac; from Princeton, Kentucky; from Long Beach, California, and Rochester, New York; by plane, train, or automobile these veterans of long marches and decisive battles in the Brothers' War had arrived in Indianapolis, there to be met by trained nurses, by Red Cross station wagons, and wheelchairs.

Ten more of their comrades-in-arms, who had lived through and outlived so much history, were still alive. At least they were still breathing. They, however, were too frail to travel and face the fatigues of this, the GAR's last encampment. The wearied and the aging mind being as relinquishing as it is, perhaps these ten survivors who could not make the trip were too frail even to distinguish between Shiloh and Antietam, Vicksburg and Lookout Mountain, those names which for decades had been at once the milestones and the pivots in their thinking.

The six who did meet must have felt the loneliness which progresses geometrically with the mounting years. They must also have been aware of many other changes, although one hopes not too many. In 1890 the GAR had numbered 400,000. For them that had been a big year, comparable to the kind of bumper year the American Legion was celebrating in Phliadelphia at the very moment when these six old men were holding their invalids' bivouac in Indianapolis.

Did President Truman, unable to find the time to lay the cornerstone for the UN's new building, discover his schedule was sufficiently free for him to address the Legionnaires in 1949? President Benjamin Harrison in 1890 had traveled all the way to Boston to speak to the GAR. Numbers count in a democracy. Seventy-five thousand Legionnaires, veterans of two wars, young men and oldish and still able to get to the polls, had marched by the reviewing stand this August in the City of Brotherly Love. In Indianapolis it was different. What had once been an army—the Grand Army of the Republic—had now shrunk to two squads of very tired, very feeble, very old fellows. From these two squads only a half dozen could be mustered who remained able to march—in wheelchairs.

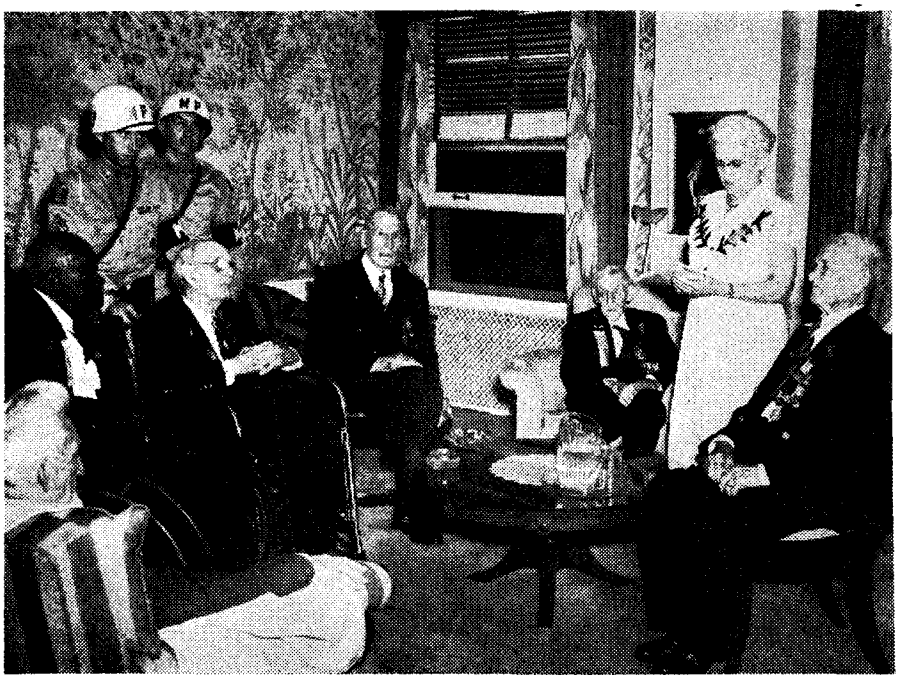
One of these was a Negro. Born a slave 105 years ago, he had run away from his master to fight at Vicksburg. This was his first encampment. Although blind now, he liked it so much he hoped there would be another. Two others, including the commander-in-chief, were of a different opinion. They felt "the boys should stay home hereafter and take care of themselves." The commander-in-chief had his own personal and very human reason for feeling this should be their final reunion. Age apparently does not wither vanity. It leaves pride unscathed. The commander-in-chief wanted the honor of being the last to bear that title. But there were others who had their eyes on the office. The senior vice commander was one of these. He was the next in line of succession. At 102 he coveted the same honor.

On the first day of their three-day session at the Claypool Hotel, the six old men had discussed such questions amiably. They had exchanged views with the aid of amplifiers and a portable microphone, since all of them were deaf. The arguments pro and con had never become heated. The talkers tired too easily for that. The commander-in-chief had called for a "yea" or "nay" vote for permanent adjournment. Six quivering voices, broken by age and emotion, were reported to have murmured "yea." "I close this last meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic," said the commander-in-chief. And that was that—the closing not only of a meeting but of a great page in history.

Before this vote had been taken, the senior vice commander had asked a very human question. "Commander," he had said, "can I hold the gavel just a little while?" "Sure enough," had been the reply, and for a few minutes the vice commander had fondled it in his wrinkled hands and then, smiling, given it back.

ANOTHER veteran had also spoken. The oldest member present, the ex-soldier whose years number 108, had bent forward in his dark blue uniform to say a few words. In a quavering voice he had confessed his hope had been that the final encampment of the GAR might be a joint meeting in Washington with the last survivors of the United Confederate Veterans. "It is just a suggestion," he had said. "I know it can never be, but I have lived in the hope that we might see it some day, to prove to the world that we are united states."

Some of the Legionnaires in Philadelphia, between drinks, parades, and business sessions, must have stolen glances at the newspaper stories about the GAR encampment. Some of the vigorous young MP's assigned to



—*Associated Press Wire Photo.*

"The closing of a great page in history."

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pushing these old soldiers in their wheelchairs through the crowds in Indianapolis must have looked at their charges—and wondered. Some of the non-joining veterans of the Spanish-American War, the Mexican Border incident, World War I, and World War II must, in the freedom of their civilian lives, have read their newspapers and smiled at first, as smile we will at age which is abnormal and warriors who have ceased to be warlike. Then suddenly they must have stopped smiling. For those stories and those pictures out of Indianapolis were at once ridiculous and sobering, ironic and pathetic, and frightening if for no other season than the hints of prophecy they offered.

"You are me forty years from now," cried Anna to Marthy, the frowsy old woman in O'Neill's "Anna Christie." All of us pass daily, without recognizing them, older people whose presents are forecasts of what our futures will be like, if only we last to their age. We seldom see ourselves in these passers-by. We do not want to. We live nourished by the illusion that each of us is somehow different. The repeated pattern, being an uncomfortable idea, is something we reject.

THE young men to whom Anzio, Iwo Jima, or Normandy are real, personal, and everlasting names have as hard a time believing in the reality and closeness of Château Thiery and Belleau Wood as their fathers have in comprehending the nearness and actuality of Gettysburg and Chickamauga to those ancients who assembled in Indianapolis. Remember, the oldest of these gray old men was twenty-four when Grant and Lee met at Appomattox, and the youngest a green sixteen. As they grew up, they must have tired of hearing tall tales of Buena Vista and Chapultepec, and a heavy mist must by then have settled on the battles of Lake Erie and New Orleans. The first person lends life to a story, but history heard or read is never the same as history lived. Other people's adventures are bound to lack for us the vividness of our own. Experience, after all and tragically, is an untransferable commodity.

In their youth these participants in the Civil War could have talked with palsied centenarians who had fought with Washington. (This is the measure of how young our country is.) If they did happen to do so, they must have found it as impossible to see ragged Continentals in the eroded faces at which they looked as we found it impossible to see "Boys-in-Blue" in the faces of those six GAR's photographed at their final meeting.

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The Longest Stretch of Danger in America!....
20th CENTURY-FOX
RICHARD CONTE · VALENTINA CORTESA · LEE J. COBB · BARBARA LAWRENCE

On the WONDER STAGE!
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From the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps to wheelchairs and trained nurses in the Claypool Hotel is more than a sea change.

In a famous paragraph, written when Mrs. Siddons had been unwise enough to come out of retirement and act again, Hazlitt wrote: "Players should be immortal, if their own wishes or ours could make them so; but they are not. They not only die like other people, but like other people they cease to be young, they are no longer themselves, even while living. Their health, strength, beauty, voice, fail them; nor can they, without these advantages, perform the same feats, or command the same applause that they did when possessed of them. It is the common lot: players are only *not* exempt from it."

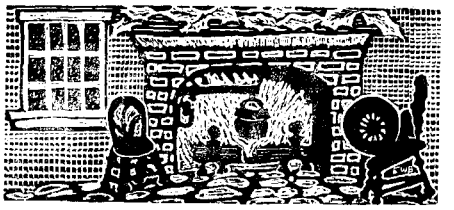
It is the common lot indeed, and from it veterans also enjoy no exemption. Although they may have volunteered during a war, none of them can escape being drafted by Time. They come home from combat full of youth and impatience with the old, only to grow old themselves. With the passing years they cease to look their words. Their bodies age, sag, soften, fatten or shrink. They contradict what they have to say and what is said about them.

Where once these men of action were capable of scaling walls, charging up hills, or trudging through miles of mud, they dwindle into men of inaction, no longer able to climb stairs. Their rifles are replaced by canes. Their eyes ultimately fail them; their hearing goes. If only they live long enough, the final Ages of Man overtake them. They may find inner strength and abiding satisfaction in the knowledge that they have had their St. Crispin's day. But should they follow the warlike Harry's counsel and be so foolhardy and so tiresome as to strip their sleeves and show their scars on each anniversay of their big moment, they would discover to their humiliation that their arms are no longer what they were and that their neighbors were running from them.

No one has ever written better about the returned soldiers' fate than Dixon Wecter in his fascinating "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." From Yorktown to V-J Day, the repeated pattern has certainly been present in all our hours of demobilization. We have no monopoly on it. It must be as old as the history of conflict; as familiar to the troops of Epaminondas as to those of Grant or Eisenhower. The hero soon ceases to be a hero in the public mind and, when the need for him has vanished, little by little he turns into a bore.

WHEN long ago the news of Appomattox reached them, the six old men in Indianapolis must have thought everything was over but the shouting. They could not have guessed how quickly the shouting would be over, too. It always dies down with merciless swiftness. Before all uniforms can be exchanged for civilian clothes, the welcoming debutantes and hostesses at the stations have disappeared and the service clubs have disbanded. "Tommy Atkins," more than being a complaint written in Cockney, is a definitive history of both the soldier and the public everywhere in war and peace.

As Mr. Wecter makes clear, the time comes inevitably when the job hunter, who once would have been asked for his war record, begins to conceal it. All too soon, instead of winning him a position, such a record loses him one by advertising his age. It dates him. Worse than that, if he is cursed with undue longevity, it stamps him as out of date. If he lives too long, he becomes something of a joke; poignant because helpless, touching as



a reminder, gallant as a symbol, but laughable as an anachronism.

This is cruel. This is shocking. This is lamentable. This is the ultimate in ingratitude. Yet it is inescapable. And perhaps not without its signs of health. The inrushes of the present in every period are so insistent and confusing that no people could be expected to live in the past. The veteran who makes a career of being a veteran is not an endearing figure. We say too much about what the country owes us and never enough about what we owe the country. The true Welfare State is that in which citizens, instead of assuming that they will be subsidized, take it for granted that they must do everything in their power for the nation's welfare. It would consist of more givers than takers; be made up of the prideful, not the prideless. It would be a country of self-reliant individuals, not dependent groups; of producers rather than extractors.

At moments of danger, military service is an obligation which, when discharged, should not be converted into a profession. If one tires of the reminders of war, it is because one is anxious to get on with the fulfilments of peace. Time marches forward far faster than the fastest troops advancing into battle. Those ever-ready replacements, who are the young, are forever pushing to the front. In the relay race of history, the torch is passed so quickly from older to younger hands that no one ever sees it being passed.

Even the youngest and least reflective of the Legionnaires who met in Philadelphia, if they followed the story of the GAR's final encampment, must have sensed without pleasure that they too, due to the calendar's inexorability, will someday be condemned to the same kind of shrunken farewell. No doubt, these young Legionnaires were not downed for long by the thought. It is difficult to identify yesterday's sorrows with tomorrow's. Moreover, all things considered, including the urgencies of today's action, it is just as well that people have no inclination to do so.

"Never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee." Life would be insupportable, in fact it would be already death, if we squandered our time cupping our hands to hear that bell. For the GAR it has finished tolling.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 808)

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A STUDY IN MISUNDERSTANDING

(Continued from page 8)

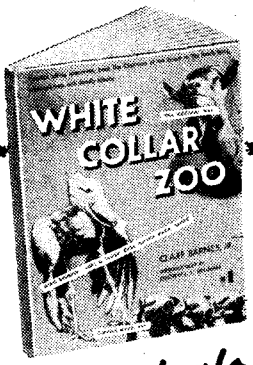
conception. Europe today looks exactly like Laocoön, desperately fighting the serpents, modern version: the endless coils of slimy film and hissing soundtrack spat out by the Hollywood studios. And these are more dangerous than the mythical adders; they do not kill the body, but they poison the mind.

America has an antidote but it does not figure on the list of commodities explorable under the Marshall aid, perhaps because America tacitly assumes that Europe only wants its dollars and whatever can be bought for them in the American market. The antidote I mean is the knowledge that there still exists another America, hidden away under the avalanche of billboards and Betty Grables, atom bombs and soap operas, superfortresses and deepfreezers, nylon stockings and skyscrapers, plug-uglies and sob sisters, lobbyists and tycoons, spewed out by the assembly lines of the greatest industrial nation in the world. This other America is the America of Jefferson and Lincoln, and of the bus conductor who said last year on the second of November: "My vote can sway the election." The America of Rosenwald, the millionaire who traveled upper berth because this meant two dollars more in his endowment fund for Negro universities. The America which in every generation still produces thousands of quiet men living like true descendants of Johnny Appleseed, who planted the orchards and preached the word. The America which produces a writer like John Hersey, who wrote a small but great book because this was the only thing he could do to atone for the Bomb. And another writer like William Faulkner, who has the lonely courage to write as it damned well pleases him, with the result that his only best seller is the twenty-five-cent edition of "Wild Palms," and that only on account of the naked lady on the cellophane cover. The America of the humble schoolmaster in a small town on Long Island Sound who singlehanded fought a bunch of millionaires and real-estate vultures in order to preserve the right of the townspeople to bathe at the only small stretch of free beach which had not yet been converted into dollars. The America which produces such men by the thousands. If they lose their fights as they often do, they encourage others by their example to win theirs.

The America which made the unforgettable movie "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." The America of the community chests and the smoke jumpers. The America which flashed a three-letter code message, TVA, around the world. It gave new hope to millions of starving people, living in deserts and swamps.

The America which the illusionists believe is the only one does an enormous advertising job for the angry men and the mighty pressure groups who have sworn that there will never be another TVA. But they cannot blow up the dams. They cannot silence the old farmer who said to me, when I asked him what TVA had done for him: "Mister, twenty years ago I was a frightened hillbilly; today I am a free man, and a proud man, too." They cannot abolish the only constitution in the world which expressly reserves the right of revolution against tyrants.

This other America is very little known even in America itself. But Columbus is not dead. Every year small groups of European and Asiatic discoverers sail towards these shores determined upon finding it. Few Americans realize that today it is almost as difficult for the average European to reach America as it was for Columbus 450 years ago. His National Bank will be as parsimonious with the indispensable dollars as Queen Isabella was with her doubloons. And once on American shores the difficulties are by no means over. Then it seems as if the whole continent from New York to San Francisco conspires against him to divert him from his high purpose. It tries to kill him under its motorcades, to deafen him with its blaring radios, to dazzle him with neon lights and video. The loveliest women in the world stalk him as their helpless prey, and if his limited resources condemn him to eat in the cheaper establishments, the worst cooks in the world try to poison him with ice water, sundaes, Southern chicken produced as a side line by a cement factory, and homemade apple pie straight from a plant with a capacity of twenty tons an hour. A handful survive: those who have the sense to stick to hamburgers, spaghetti, and the wonderful seafood. They will need, moreover, a large helping of moral austerity in order to make their safe getaway from the most glamorous leg show in the world,



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the pavements of midtown Manhattan during the evening hour when the young and comely secretaries leave their offices.

After New York, the wonder city, the next stumbling block is Washington, D. C. One of my erudite European friends, who has never visited a movie theatre in his life, told me that he had prepared himself for his American tour by reading Thoreau's "Walden," Lincoln's address, and Beard's "The Republic." Fearing the worst, I tried to thrust upon him half a dozen volumes by Damon Runyon, John O'Hara, and James Cain, but he retorted that he mistrusted cheap fiction. He paid an impromptu visit to the gallery of the U.S. Senate, by the worst of chances on the day when a gentleman named Pat McCarran held the floor. The overstrung bow of his idealism snapped right in the middle, and for the rest of his stay he buried himself in the Library of Congress, a sadder but not a wiser man.

Such idealistic pilgrims should remember the bold world of a British philosopher: "In every country in the world every decent man is always ashamed of the government he must live under." Moreover, the business of government is being conducted on many different levels, and the highest level is not always the loftiest. On the very day that Senator McCarran murdered the America that my oversensitive friend had dreamt about, I assisted at the annual meeting of a large farmer's coöperative in Paducah, Kentucky. Apart from having had a whale of a time I came away from that meeting with the firm conviction that the real American democracy was not ready to perish from the earth. And that conviction sustained me even during the sad day when, further south, I ran into an ugly race riot. I closed my eyes against the glare of the flaming cross and thought hard of the other America I had seen a few weeks before: a calm and highly cultured Negro judge in a Bronx court, deftly dealing with white defendants, without a trace of self-consciousness or pride. Without raising his voice once he displayed in case after case the lofty wisdom which history has successfully monopolized for the highly overrated Solomon, whose fame after all is based upon one case only. When I had seen him at work I felt that even in Washington this suburban Negro judge would not have looked a displaced person.

Of course, I do not mean to imply that he would be able to make his way to the Supreme Court as easily as Tom Clark. I only toyed with the idea because it suddenly occurred to me that here was the crucial test which could convince millions of deluded and skeptical Europeans that the other America really exists. Time and again the specter of the sad-faced Southern Negro is the dark intruder in the glittering dust raised on the European roads by the American 3,000-dollar cars. Along every country road they flash their smooth and soothing message of an almost perfect technical civilization, in which everyone can trade in his car every year for a higher powered model, indispensable for the ever swifter pursuit of elusive happiness.

THIS is the America so succulently advertised in the slicks. One of the mysterious consequences of the Marshall Plan is that they have invaded the European newsstands in fat and gleaming stacks, crowding out the thin and shoddy home periodicals. Therefore the returning pilgrim, who patiently tells his tale about the other America is more often than not received with incredulity or even anger. Most people, when you try to take away their illusions and prejudices will yap at you like a dog which grows mad when you touch his beloved gnawing bone.

Why does the official America offer so little help to the unpaid propagandists who try to convince Europeans that there exists another and nowadays almost invisible America, hidden somewhere between Radio City and the River Rouge Plant, between the Washington studios, an America which has resolutely torn the shameful masks from the bigoted faces of the Alabama night riders? Is it because the strong and rich America of Alexander Hamilton is stealthily usurping the humbler America of Thomas Jefferson? Is America really proud of Westbrook Pegler and secretly ashamed of Walter White? Does it really prefer the Hickenloopers to the Lilienthals? Or is it the other way round?

That is what more and more Europeans and even Asiatics ask themselves. America should know that in the eroded river valleys of India and Pakistan sleek-haired agricultural engineers tell the poor and fever-ridden peasants a fairy tale about a faraway country, where a valley as miserable as their own was converted into a paradise. Quite likely, when the lecture is over, the peasants will forget what TVA exactly stands for, and they won't be able to remember Senator Norris's name for long. But they will remember how he and his helpers victoriously fought the pressure groups and the politicians, and realized their dream of plenty for all who are willing to work, in a democracy which starts at the grass roots.

IN THIS way a new illusion is born: that America has something more to offer than dollars and technical know-how alone. It is not yet a mass illusion, but in Europe there is an uneasy feeling that the Marshall Plan is somehow incomplete without the moral message that might turn the Atlantic community into something stronger than a frightened defensive alliance against the Big Bad Brother in the Kremlin. The message is there: Jefferson wrote it. Every American schoolchild knows its words, but does America remember its meaning?

America today is the world's giant. Therefore its time for greatness has arrived. Even without the advertising pages of the *Satevepost* and the editorial columns of *Life* America would be capable of creating a new mass illusion: that freedom can be a reality, and happiness an attainable goal, not only for the chosen few who succeed in living graciously at somebody's expense, but for the nameless multitude as well.

A few, but not the best Americans, try hard to convince the world that all attempts at a modern interpretation of Jefferson's message have already been secretly classified as Un-American Activities. But even if this were true the peasant in the Indus Valley and the anxious European who is never farther away from the Soviet frontier than Pittsburgh from New York, would not believe it. Ever more people outside the Soviet orbit believe, albeit secretly, that America can be something more than the world's leader in the production of cars and nylon stockings. But some of them are also secretly afraid that if America refuses to assume the moral leadership of the free world as well, it will go down into history as the country whose last and supreme gift to mankind was the atom bomb.

A. Den Doolaard, a Dutch journalist, is the author of a novel, "Roll Back the Sea."

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FICTION

(Continued from page 22)

sue, with the full knowledge of Irma, which, to say the least, is a bit odd, for Irma is an American woman. Throughout, David remains the staunch friend of all. Setsue, a pioneer of feminism in Japan, is an interesting character, and, generally speaking, this novel, not without value as a picture of prewar Japan, is competent and readable.

—JOHN COURNOS.

A MAN OF TASTE, by Philip Freund. Beechhurst. $3.50. Variety—of mood, background, character, and tempo—marks this new collection of nine short stories by Philip Freund. Ranging from tales of suspense and dramatic action through complex character studies to short episodes which, like a candid camera shot, seek to mirror some brief moment in New York's kaleidoscopic life or sketch an evanescent, haunting mood, the stories promise some hours of excellent diversion.

"A Man of Taste," the story which gives the book its title, plays up suspense ending in violence, against a Venezuelan background; in "My Fellow Immortal" Vermont in the spring is the setting for a tentative, fragmentary idyll of youth; a man going blind finds, in "The Slow Dusk," the Continental cities he has known and loved changing to his failing eye as they have changed inwardly. In "The Little Cuban" and "Romance" we have New York, the New York of furtive shadows and questionable doorways, mean rooms and shoddy lives. "Warsaw" develops an intricate relationship of character; "The Harpsichord" creates a full-length and cryptic portrait of an artist. "The Goldhunter," concluding story of the nine, is an effective episode in the Gold Rush of '49, a tale of inimical cultures and deep hatreds, acted against the dangerous jungles of Panama.

Despite the promise of such variety, this is a curiously unsatisfying collection. A chill and cerebral quality pervades it. Carefully conceived, deliberately planned, and executed with a calculated and conscious finish, these stories are warmed by no emotion. No glitter of imagination lightens the dispassionate parade of characters which the author considers with a detachment which verges on indifference.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL, by Mona Kent. Rinehart. $3. Miss Kent, who is also the author of a late-afternoon soap opera, "Portia Faces Life," here tells the story of another radio-serial writer, an unscrupulous, emotionally messed up woman who, suffering from the psychological traumata of her childhood, destroys everyone she loves. In a preface which is printed as though Miss Kent meant it to be blank verse, she assures us that all her characters are purely imaginary creatures, and it is good to know that Dell Thornton resembles neither Miss Kent nor any of her professional associates. For the story of how she hurts her husband, her lover, and, finally, her overprotected son, is horrifying when you consider in how many women there is, at least, a little of poor Dell Thornton.

In a recently printed newspaper interview, Miss Kent bemoaned the small intellectual stature of the radio audience which demands from radio's authors the sickening sentimentaliz-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HANG BY YOUR NECK *Henry Kane* (Simon & Schuster: $2)	Peter Chambers "private richard," again tangles with N. Y. homicide squadders in colorful chronicle of several slayings.	Brash, buoyant, and bibulous "transom" runs some slight clues down to place where you'd least expect matters to jell.	If you like 'em *tough*
THE BLUE ICE *Hammond Innes* (Harper: $2.50)	Message (in whale steak) from supposedly dead British base-metals expert starts stern chase across Scandinavian fjords and glaciers.	Excellent in every department — with terminal pursuit that is equal to anything John Buchan ever wrote for artistry and thrills.	Don't miss it!

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ing which goes on five days a week in her own radio show. I find it unfortunate that she has, apparently, given the reading public credit for the same low degree of intelligence. Dell's story sounds anxious, melodramatic notes in our tired ears, and the writing is pretty poor. The dialogue—Miss Kent has presumably had considerable experience in dialogue-writing—manages to come off smoothly, but the rest is rather clumsy, labored stuff. Only her discussions of radio writing and procedure manage to ring true. And doubtful phrases, not infrequent, like "logical illogicality," make one wince.

—NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN.

BIMINI RUN, by Howard Hunt. Farrar, Straus. $2.75. Hank Sturgis, the hero of this adventure, is one of those *hommes fatales*, cool, bitter, and impervious, who may have existed before Hemingway but anyway received their definitive stamp from him. Hank is mooning about on the Miami sands when he is hired by the wealthy Crawfords to go along on a game-fishing run to Bimini as cook, companion, and confessor. He performs all three duties and more. Before this trip is over the ill-mated Crawfords have involved him in a desperate triangle: Clay Crawford loves Leslie, Leslie loves Hank, and Hank loves nobody. And there are two added points to make it a pentagon—Captain Engstrom on board and the sharks waiting in the waters. The sharks almost get them all, for the mounting tension erupts into one grand and furious bust-up. Clay Crawford and the captain, twined in battle, roll overboard, and Hank heads back for Miami with the beautiful and faithless Leslie aboard. She isn't going to have him, though. It is all very laconic and hard and moody, a competent job of tale-telling with more than an echo in it of "The Short and Happy Life of Francis Macomber."

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Browning: "Aurora Leigh." 2. E. Brontë: "Last Lines." 3. Swift: "On Poetry." 4. Butler: "Hudibras." 5. Tennyson: "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." 6. Shelley: "Queen Mab." 7. Poe: "The Raven." 8. Aubrey de Vere: "Sorrow." 9. Laurence Binyon: "A Song." 10. Thompson: "To a Snowflake." 11. Wordsworth: "She Was a Phantom of Delight." 12. Milton: "Paradise Lost." 13. Holmes: "The Deacon's Masterpiece." 14. Clement Wood: "The Singing Saviors." 15. Sandburg: "Chicago." 16. Dekker: "The Honest Whore." 17. Sassoon: "The Rear-Guard." 18. Carryl: "How Jack Found that Beans May Go Back on a Chap." 19. Masters: "Petit, the Poet." 20. Stevenson: "Trusty, Dusky, Vivid, True."

The Film Forum

POTPOURRI

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

FOR SOME MUST WATCH

Produced by Julien Bryan International Film Foundation, for the Institute of Life Insurance. Available from the Institute of Life Insurance, 60 E. 42nd St., New York 17, for free loan. (28 min.)

"For Some Must Watch" re-enacts incidents in the lives of three families in Oneida, New York, and shows how the sincere interest of Jack Sutton, a local insurance agent, has made him an exceptional leader in his community and a successful businessman. In the course of one ordinary day's work, Jack visits a young doctor, a widow with two children, and a farmer; and the film flashes back to show how insurance of one kind or another has played an important part in the lives of these people.

The film uses the documentary technique of telling its story within the framework and setting of reality. The home and community life depicted are recognizably real, and characters in the film are real citizens of the town. Jack Sutton plays himself with a friendliness and kindness which must be natural to him, and with a general ease before the camera which is usually the sign of expert direction. There are some fine photographic moments in the film, particularly the exterior shots of the town at night and in the morning. And there are some excellent scenes (the railway accident, for example), which make this much more than a run-of-the-mill "free film."

But something is missing in the film. Perhaps it is that we cannot really believe in Jack Sutton. He is too good, or too important, or too busy. As a real-life hero, he carries much less weight than, say, the county agent does in another Julien Bryan film. ("The County Agent," one of a series of five films on life in an Ohio town, has recently been released by the Castle Division of United World Films, 1440 Park Ave., New York, for purchase only.)

Compared with other public-relations films on life insurance, this one undoubtedly sets a new high. Its approach is completely admirable, and if it falls short of being the best kind of documentary we might expect from its producers, we can only hope that this is because of the difficulty of adapting their methods and skills to a kind of sponsorship which always before had been alien and unfriendly to the documentary.

HOW AN AIRPLANE FLIES

A series of six films produced by William Hockey & Assoc. for the Shell Oil Co. Available from the Shell Oil Co., 50 W. 50th St., New York 20, for free loan.

This series of films on the theory of flight, begins with an explanation of the similarities of water pressure and air pressure. Models and diagrams and occasional shots of airplanes in action are used to put across the concepts of aviation. Titles and running times of the films are as follows: "Lift" (12 min.), "Drag" (14 min.), "Thrust" (6 min.), "Forces in Balance" (8 min.), "Stability" (10 min.), and "Controls" (9 min.)

It is easy to imagine a film on this subject which could explain and teach as much as these do, and still be an interesting film for all audiences. "Lever-Age" (*SRL* Aug. 27), which is also distributed by the Shell Oil Co., explains the principles of the lever and gear—but in a way which could hardly fail to interest any audience. These aviation films are films only in the most literal sense of the word. Nothing has been done to utilize the special qualities of the motion picture and to bring the subject of aviation to life, with new meaning to anyone who sees them.

These are strictly instructional films, and they will undoubtedly be useful in many situations. But there is enough dulness already to be found in books, radio, and the movies. We have a right to expect that the relatively new field of non-theatrical films will do its best at all times to give us new outlooks and interpretations as well as functional explanations of how things work.

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN OVER COFFEE

Produced by Lewis L. Louft for the Pan-American Coffee Bureau. Available from Association Films, 35 W. 45th St., New York, for free loan. (28 min., color)

Eight billion gallons of coffee are drunk each year in the United States. Most of it comes from the ten coffee-raising countries of Latin America—stretching from Mexico to Brazil. The film shows us glimpses of each of these countries, the principal cities, the people, and other resources. We see how coffee is raised in a typical Brazilian fazenda, from the first transplanting of the small seedlings to the hand-picking of the red cherries some five years later. Processed and dried, most of the coffee beans are shipped to the United States, which consumes two and a half billion pounds each year, accounting for up to 90 per cent of the exports of these coffee-raising countries.

The color photography is excellent. But there is little about the film as a whole to recommend it especially—and little to complain about, other than its general unimaginativeness. It is one of the better public-relations movies, and groups which enjoy this sort of film will be glad to see it.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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the Phoenix Nest

PETALS FROM PENSIONS
(1925)

I

ENGLISH ladies sit,
And knit
On a flower-bordered jumper that will never
Fit.

Americans they read
And read
On how to be "A Wanderer in Florence."
By their tight-drawn lips they are agreed
"The lives those Medicis and Borgias used to lead—
My dear! The Renaissance of course—but we'd
Never have given way like that!"
(That glance is greed,
Or abhorrence?)

Sleek of hair, mustachio'd, the French Entrench
Themselves against the radiator bench.
"Fifty centimes more—it's most unfair,
Quelque chose de formidable ma chère,
La guerre . . ."

II

Dragging her red Scotch plaid, she groans
Her way into the small salon;
Her circulation's not behaving quite
The way it should today,
(But, did it ever?)
White woolen socks embrace cadaverous calves
Apparently in vain.
After the mail arrives, across the *table d'hôte*
"Despairing floats the supposition
"*She* must be in a nice warm house!"
(O happy unknown She!)
And with a descrescendo of loud sighs
She rises and the scarlet plaid arises
And snaps and worries at
The fluffy woollen socks.

III

The sun stands balanced on the sharp black crest
Of an Alpe-Maritime,
The Cap d'Antibes starts winking in the West
(What's happened to the steam?)

A bright cheap necklace trims the curved sea's breast
Garish as cocotte's dream
The gold has turned to green along the West,
(Thank God! Here comes the steam!)

—KATHARINE DAY LITTLE.

* * *

I am glad to print the following from Earle Walbridge:

> Here's a bulletin from the E. Nesbit and Joseph Shearing-Marjorie Bowen fronts. I've been reading Chad Walsh's "C. S. Lewis: Apostle to the Skeptics" (Macmillan), and he reveals that Mr. Lewis "talks vaguely of completing a children's book which he has begun 'in the tradition of E. Nesbit'." Since Mr. Lewis is also a practitioner of magic in "Out of the Silent Planet," "Perelandra," and "That Hideous Strength"—a trilogy of fantastic novels with theological overtones," according to "The Reader's Encyclopedia," it is likely that the book will be in the tradition of "The Phoenix and the Carpet," not "The Wouldbegoods." Mr. Walsh also notes that Lewis writes occasional poems, some of which have appeared in the *Spectator* and others in *Punch* under the initials "N. W." and that he regards *Punch* as "the only place left where poetry that depends on clever rhyme schemes is welcome."
>
> "Perelandra" is about the planet Venus, and has entered the poetic vocabulary in a poem, "Failure," in the May 1948 *Atlantic Monthly*, by Daniel J. Berrigan, S.J. ("sun of shadow and light/On a lost perelandran lane"). Mr. Walsh's most remarkable statement, however, concerns the famous Lewis "Screwtape Letters": "I know of a Government office in Washington where the 'Screwtape Letters' is almost invariably chosen when the girls arrange a birthday party for one of their number."
>
> For her annual book Mrs. Gabrielle Campbell Long has selected several of her own favorite Tales of Terror in "The Bishop of Hell and Other Stories," by Marjorie Bowen (London, Bodley Head, 1949), with an appreciative introduction by Michael Sadleir. For "Bowen" in the following passage it would be as appropriate if one substituted "Shearing":
>
> > Every Bowen interior is described in detail and correctly—the billowing curtains, the uneasy portraits on the wall, the costumes alike of men and of women all have a share in the accumulating menace of the tale. Nor is nature excused from playing her part. Outside the weather rages in the streets; autumn dies in wind and rain across a haunted marsh; in the garden of a dilapidated house the laurels creak and rattle about a space of rank grass patched with nettles. Out of doors, therefore, no less than within, suspicion crowds in on us, and excitement mounts.
>
> By the way, *The New Yorker* reviewer was incorrect in stating that Joseph Shearing's "Mignonette" last year was not founded on fact. Mrs. Long has written me that the poisoning episode was based on a French murder in which the distilled juice of the thorn-apple was used. Harper's artist certainly outdid himself on the sinister and beautiful jacket of "Mignonette."

* * *

FIRST FROST

It was October, late in the month; I shall inquire the exact date next time I am home. There had been quite a bustle getting us out of the house, buttoning coats and finding George's scarf to keep him from catching cold. At first we had not wanted to go. The chatter of the women in the kitchen sorting dishes and silverware was subdued and different, and exciting to be a part of. When Robert said he would go alone, the way to the top of the hill seemed suddenly enchanted, and not one of us would be left behind. The hill was not steep, but the stones were rough and uneven, and our breath made funnels of smoke, so we thought, when we blew it against the darkness. Halfway up we fell into line, side by side, and measured our steps to the beat of Genevieve's pulse. Robert was counting our steps; when he reached twenty-five we paused to consider the space behind us. George, younger by three years than the four of us, spoke of the salt on Grandma's roof. Robert said it was not salt, dummy, it was the reflection of the moon. James, the oldest brother, looking back over his shoulder, asked if we thought his mother looked pretty.

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Since she wasn't sick at all, he repeated, she seemed to be sleeping. Genevieve explained that's how it was: just as if you were sleeping, but you're all dressed up. "I hope I look as pretty when I'm dead," she added.

So then it was true. Aunt Catherine was dead. . . . Not struck by lightning in the middle of the night because it is October and there has been no lightning since school started. Not swallowed up by the train whistles down the chimney and waiting in the hall for someone to go by. Aunt Catherine herself had proved it wasn't true that one time. And the world hasn't come to an end because nobody is dead but her. People aren't flying through the air screaming and grabbing at trees. The women are in the kitchen; the men are in the dining room listening to Uncle Vin say he doesn't understand it either; and we are here. George's hand is cold without his glove, but he is not dead. James says his mother is in heaven and he knows she is watching us right now. Robe ays it's her soul that's in heaven, you know, she won't go till the fu l. But we don't know; even Genev isn't sure. There is some way w you're dead that you stop living go on in heaven, but nobody se to know how. And Robert says w better not ask when we get back use the women will start crying a one of them will try to kiss him. A we can do is wait and see what happ . . . .

Coming back down the hill v noticed the white had thickene on Grandma's roof and was sprinkled on the upstairs windowpanes. Downstairs, to the back of the house, the light escaping the shades made a yellow border around the windows so that we couldn't tell if it had spread to there. The hill behind us was dark except for the stars and the porch light on the house where we had taken the grapes. As we walked, the moon came out of a cloud over Gra ma's house and we could see the roof w covered with frost. The first frost, we decided.

—JUNE WROBLESKI.

* * *

SIDNEY LANIER

In Memoriam

Arrows of music fell on his heart
And pierced it, as shafts of rain
Strike through the slender cane
To stab the earth. A single dart
Of dissonance, flung with the might
Of melody, could wound him. Flight
Of lyric lances held him long
Transfixed by song.

—RUTH PAYNE BOMFORD.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued on page 45*)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 44)

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

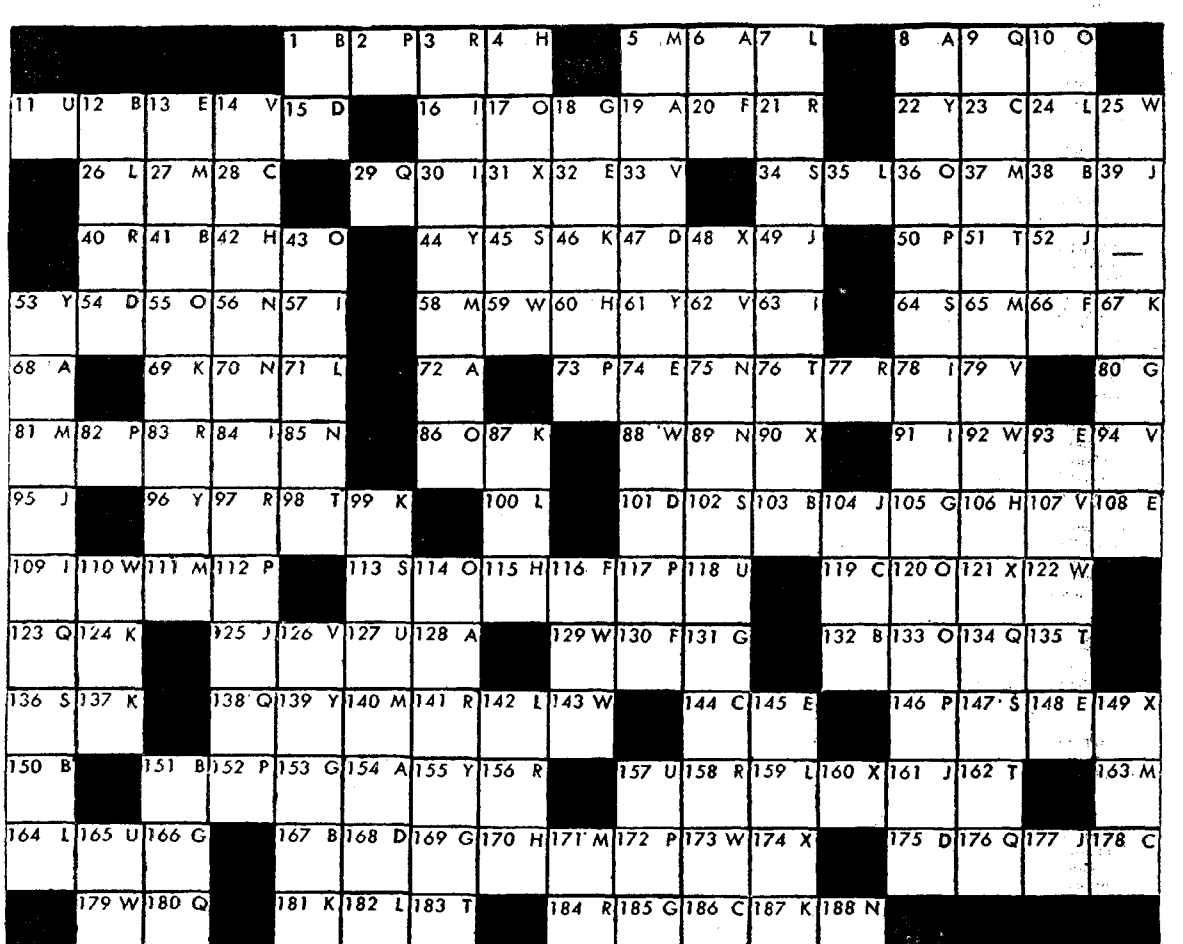
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bent at the end into a hook.	8 72 154 6 19 68 128
B. Members of a secret Mohammedan sect who at the time of the Crusades terrorized Christians, etc.	167 150 103 12 151 38 41 1 132
C. State flower of Missouri (*Crataegus mollis*; 2 wds.).	186 178 28 144 23 119
D. Removed dirt, etc., by washing lightly.	54 47 168 15 122 101
E. Unprofitable.	93 13 74 32 108 148 145
F. Sixth month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year.	66 20 130 116
G. Cheap; mean.	131 80 185 105 153 18 166 169
H. Noisy, harsh; as applied to musical instruments (comp.).	170 115 4 106 60 42
I. Vespers (eccl.).	78 91 84 57 63 30 109 16
J. Appraised; evaluated.	104 39 49 161 177 125 95 52
K. German journalist and Pan-Germanist, prominent in World War I for pushing unrestricted submarine warfare.	67 99 46 124 87 181 187 137 69
L. The auxiliary note or notes at the close of a trill (music; Ger.).	7 100 35 164 71 24 182 142 26 159
M. Preceded by word N below, a title by which Sir Walter Scott was known (3 wds.).	37 58 140 171 111 27 81 5 163 65

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. First word of title in word M.	56 89 75 70 85 188
O. A mood of arrogance or pretentiousness (2 wds.).	120 86 43 133 114 55 36 10 17
P. Received wages below standard.	2 82 117 152 50 73 146 172 112
Q. Northern region of cold and darkness regarded as Hades (Norse myth.).	180 9 29 138 123 134 176
R. An unlicensed public house (Eng.; slang).	141 97 83 156 77 21 184 158 3 40
S. Applied to the clause in the U. S. Constitution, Art. I, sec. viii, cl. 18.	45 147 34 136 64 102 113
T. Name of two brothers, famous Polish singers (with the Met. in the Nineties; preceded by "de")	162 183 135 76 98 51
U. Title meaning "Master," used by Hindus and Mohammedans.	118 165 11 127 157
V. A common food fish allied to the cod.	33 126 14 79 107 94 62
W. Indisposed; out of order (3 wds.; U. S. slang).	92 122 110 88 143 129 59 179 173 25
X. The humorous family in "The Birds' Christmas Carol" (K. D. Wiggin).	31 149 174 160 48 121 90
Y. Ate bit by bit.	61 139 53 22 96 155 44

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 38 of this issue.

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IMPRESSIONS

ANOTHER distinctive catalogue of phonographic classics has become available to LP enthusiasts this month with the appearance of American Decca's first releases in the now-familiar narrow black grooves on the uniform sleek surfaces. The progression of the process has permitted extended notice only for the revitalized "Oklahoma!" (see page 57), but the "Carousel" of later date is even better, with "Annie Get Your Gun" (1946) and others in the initial list promising as much.

The special blessing of this venture is the renewed vigor thus assured for a whole segment of discography amassed when Decca was a pioneer in a field which has now become a commonplace: reproduction, through the original cast, of each year's important Broadway productions, from the revived "Porgy and Bess" on. Count among them "This Is the Army" of fragrant memory, "One Touch of Venus," "Bloomer Girl," "Song of Norway," and film scores such as "Holiday Inn." Digressions include Carl Sandburg reading his own poems, Judith Anderson declaiming "Medea," Mary Martin singing Cole Porter, and a multitude of others.

The gain here is not merely one of continuity and convenience, aspects in which the LP process has repeatedly asserted its utility. Reference to the original "impressions," on wax or acetate, has shown them to be far superior, in fidelity and realism, to the copies circulated by Decca on its often deficient shellac pressings. A mathematical oddity that will appeal to many is the fact that some of these were originally recorded, for economy and efficiency, at 33 1/3, converted to 78 rpm for commercial purposes. Restoration of them to the Long Playing speed has been both welcome and successful.

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Moralizing is hardly more welcome in phonographic production than elsewhere, with this difference: Decca's technicians were obviously better workmen than the final product showed. Any future enterprises should assume that the best is none too good for the listener; that improved reproductions must have the inescapable consequence of calling into existence better reproducing instruments. If LP teaches the record industry no other lesson, this will have been an historic, if obvious, one.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

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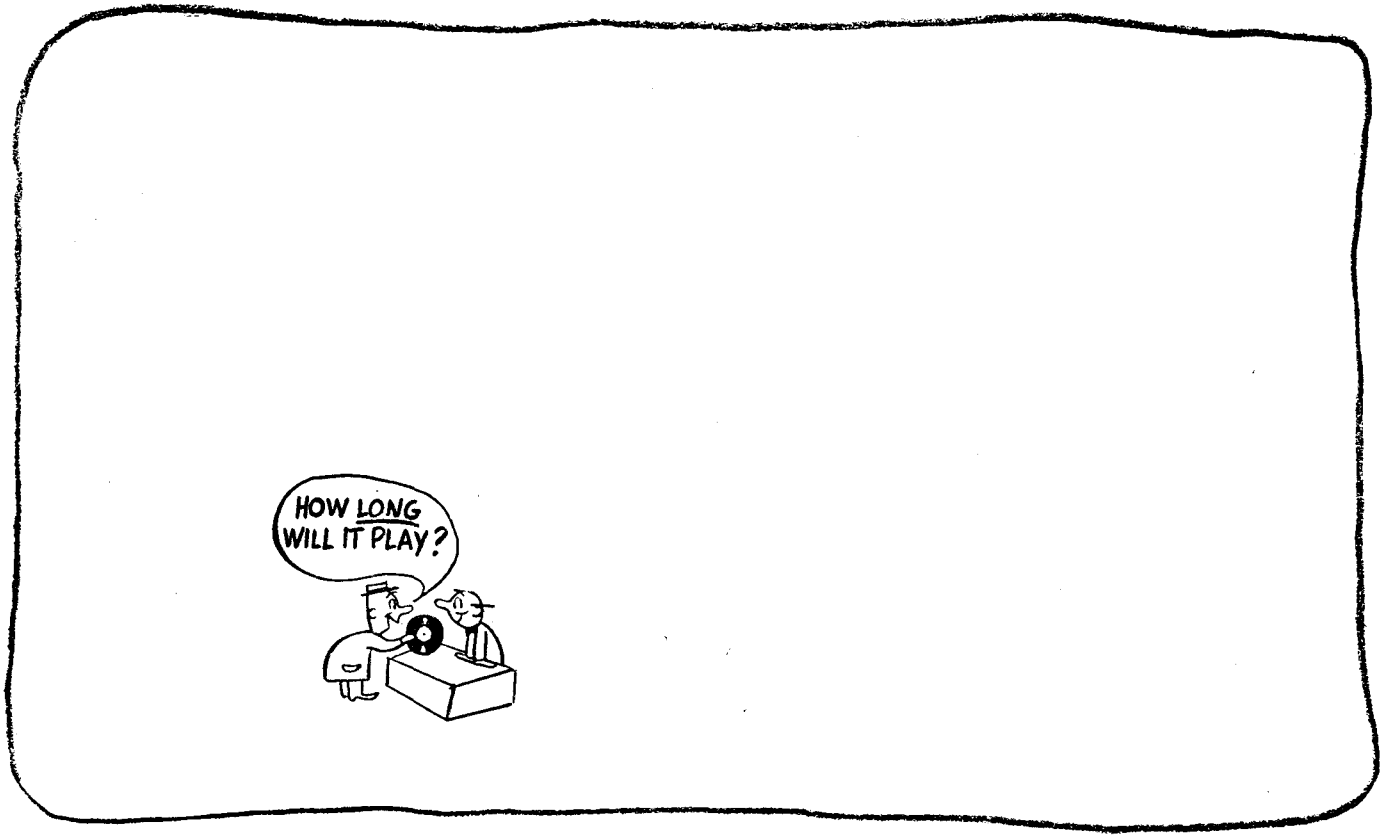
when you buy a new type record...



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The Saturday Review of Recordings

Inflation—Disinflation Blues

RAY M. SMALL

NOW, just between us, can you think of any business today that is giving the lowly purchaser as hard a time as the people who make and sell our phonograph records? Most record collectors are currently going around in circles, and, like the records themselves, at various speeds.

I have decided, somewhat stubbornly, to stick to old 78 rpm. Those who have shifted gears and become enmeshed in LP and/or Victorgroove must be in an even greater quandary as to which company will record who on what and how fast.

One lesson has come out of my impulsive purchases during the past two years: it is true what they say about the advantages of patience. If I had ONLY waited.

The primary difficulty is that I lay down most of my more or less surplus currency for classical records. It is the collector of big stuff who has taken the beating during this mercurial postwar era. The dabbler in pops can hardly be considered as severe a casualty. When Herman and Thornhill go from sixty-three to seventy-nine cents per, four-record albums like Gershwin's Concerto in F and the Shostakovitch First shoot from about $4.85 to around $6. There's no sense in getting these nervous prices to the penny because of sales taxes, etc. But I do want to make it clear that blitzkrieg fluctuations in the price of records can slow or speed up the classics addict to a greater degree than the more transitory transactor in Vaughn Monroe.

Let it be understood right now that with the exception of one brief period in my life I have not been able to afford records. The Navy discharge money is sinking fast and gleanings from the GI Bill are hardly lucrative. Did someone groan?

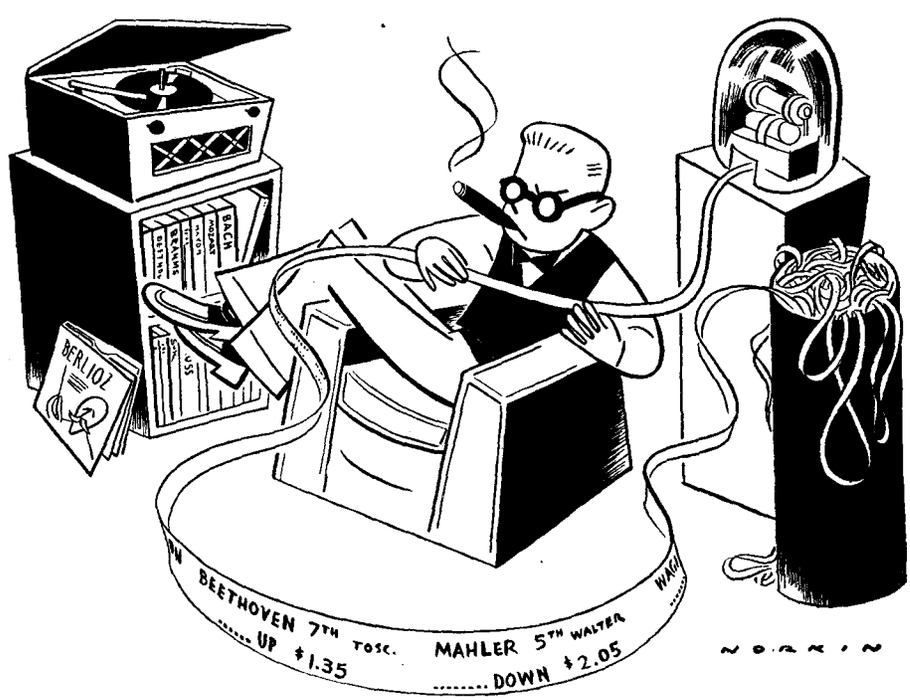
It was the summer of '47 and I pushed things around in a factory for sixty dollars a week. My conscience was unclouded. I was loaded. Would prices go up or down? This question, soon to become one of the big ones of my life, meant nothing. Each pay check found me homing for a local shellackery. It is claimed by those close to the source that I spent more than 100 dollars on records that summer. This is, of course, a gross falsehood; I don't know how much it was, but it couldn't have been that bad.

I do recall it was at this time that I bought some English Deccas. One thing can be said for this company: the price has remained constant. It was stratospheric then; it still is. Three ffrrs and a red album went for $7.18. That figure is exact; there are some things one does not forget.

Proof of the gathering storm materialized with the advent of 1948. It was then, you remember, Columbia boosted Masterwork tariffs from $1.05 to $1.25 each. My reaction to this was an all out boycott, effective *toute de suite*. They weren't going to do this to me.

Several months before the Columbia action rumors began oozing into collectors' circles of which I am on the periphery. Gist of it all was that high spokesmen had hinted at September 1947 being the last month of only semi-inflated prices. Just before leaving home that September to visit a friend in Chicago, I got it straight from a submanager of a downtown record shop that he was expecting telegrams any minute ordering the big leap. On the spot, I picked up Koussevitzky's "Isle of the Dead" and the second Chopin piano concerto with Rubinstein.

I arrived in the midwest with only one small suitcase under arm. But I was still gripped in the panic. "Where are those towels?" and "Take me to a record store," were close to the first lines thrown at my host. He gave me an odd look as if trying to figure out whom I was trying to impress. Then, he took me to a habitat for habitués on Rush Street where I picked up



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Haydn's No. 97 by Beecham and another new RCA Victor release of exciting Berlioz and Borodin labeled "Beecham Favorites." Such horns! RCA Victor (or should I say HMV?) deserves some credit for this recording along with the other three B's. The bottom of the suitcase was wide enough for the albums, thank God.

I actually was shown the telegram from Columbia when I stepped into a neighborhood record shop to spend some Christmas money. I was impressed by the telegram motif. It was just like devaluing the dollar or pound. No advance warning—then all of a sudden bang, the records have swooped out of reach. At least as far as this fan was concerned.

The joker, of course, was that RCA Victor had not made the move along with Columbia. Now, when would Victor follow? Until it did, I scoured the shelves whenever I returned from school for any Victors which might appeal. I was determined that when RCA Victor did go up, I was not going to buy any more records. Forever.

After one of these tours of desperation, I returned with the Handel-Beecham "Great Elopement" album in which Sir T romps happily but with gusto through some early Handel operas. Later on, I felt even more pleased about this decision because *The New York Times* chose it as one of the best recordings of the year. I also decided upon the Bartók 1941 Violin Concerto which made the same list. I was coached for this one by a friend whose copy I had borrowed. When I called him up to tell him of the transaction, he was ecstatic.

"You got the Bartók?" he whooped. I feared the phone would splinter. "Well don't worry about what else to buy; you've got everything now." If only I'd believed him! He had sensibly decided to give up records. In fact, he had given them up several times.

RCA Victor followed about six months later in the middle of '48. Just before slamming the door closed (forever), I bought the great new Toscanini release of Mozart's "Jupiter" which was an apt final curtain.

COMING only about once a year as it does, last Christmas resulted in a temporary break in policy. My girl and I wanted to give each other records. As it turned out, she bowed to Columbia while I surrendered to the new Victor price. She wanted Scarlatti and I wanted the incredible Poulenc Double Piano Concerto. OK, so it was Christmas.

Actually I guess the door was always open. When I returned from school in March, I dropped into one of the downtown shops. Just thought I'd take a look as long as I was downtown. You know. As I entered the store and was crawling over stoves and through refrigerators to get at the record department, I spied my Bartók friend leaning against a counter chatting with a mutual acquaintance who worked there.

My friend was just as much responsible for what happened next as I was. He spent much more on records than I did and, in a subtle way, was trying continually to drag me down to poverty with him. Nevertheless I purchased Britten's opera "The Rape of Lucretia" for the hushed sum of $11. It was my all-time high for one album. At least I had the laugh on my friend. He had shown even less patience than I and had sent to New York for his as soon as the first HMV shipment was off the boat. His rape cost him almost $20. RCA Victor had decided to transplant the piece onto Red Seal and as my friend had said, "You'll probably never be able to get it cheaper."

In April, my friend broke the news to me: disinflation had reached the record business. Columbia had retreated to $1.05 and some of the stores around home were holding 50-percent-off sales. This last came as an explosion. For a record collector, fifty off is like burglarizing the place. It was happening in some stores around college, only I could not do anything about it because of the space problem. Give me credit for some restraint.

When I got home in June, the sales were still on. In fact, it was widening in the store with all the ice boxes. In the beginning, the sale applied only to albums placed on special racks diabolically constructed so that it was impossible to remove the albums *sans* much yanking and tearing. Invariably, when you did get one free, it was manual sequence. I did notice, however, an automatic copy of Schubert's Sixth which I had paid the regular price for a few months earlier. This hurt my pride as well as my purse. The management obviously considered Schubert's Sixth a lemon.

But my friend had tipped me off. This rack sale was now strictly for the peasants. Semi-unofficially, this place was clearing the decks for LP and 45 rpm. Our buddy behind the counter admitted he'd sell me any made-in-USA album, more than four or five months old, at half off. Also during the course of the call my friend jubilantly announced they were selling the Britten opera in New York at guess what. This was like a dagger because I had played mine only once in March before returning to school.

It so happens I have a birthday in June and had orders to pick out five dollars worth of records. The door was open wide. I made a joke to my salesman acquaintance about prices going any lower.

"Look, the day we begin selling 'em at two thirds off, none of us will be here!," he explained.

This was good enough for me. After some pawing around, I came up with Walter's recording of the Schubert Ninth (ole B. and H. #7) and the lovely Saint-Saëns Piano Concerto No. 4. A total of ten records for about $5.60! Not bad. Not half bad, that is.

When I got home, I realized I'd forgotten about Mahler. A few days later, I returned to the refrigerators and asked for his Fifth. Like the other two purchases, this was not locked in the racks but in back of the counter. My acquaintance was on vacation but I feared nothing. The air conditioning was too sickly and oppressive. I played a few sides of the Mahler and decided I still liked it —especially at half price.

"I can get this for half price, can't I," I told the man behind the counter.

"Only those on the racks," he said without looking up. It was the same sullen submanager who dealt me the phoney September alert. When I told him what the other fellow had been doing, he simply shook his head. This store characterized the whole situation. Some hanging on to 78 rpm and the other half revolving at slower speeds.

Having been branded a peasant, I placed the album on the counter, nicked my knee on a Bendix, and left. I shall never return. I am no longer collecting records. I am free. This was the end. I guess. Good night, Tarquinius.

The winner of our "Collegiate Competition," Ray M. Small, wrote the above article for a magazine course at the Medill School of Journalism (Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.). It is the first article he has ever submitted for publication. Mr. Small is twenty-five. During the war he spent three years in the Navy, mostly aboard a destroyer tender.

Collegiate Competition

RECORDINGS presents this month the results of its "Collegiate Competition" for which entries were invited from current undergraduates. Ray M. Small's "Inflation-Disinflation Blues" was adjudged the winner of the $100 prize, with articles by Houston Maples, Jr., Edward Planer, and Jay Lefer accepted for publication in the present issue. It is intended to make this a yearly feature, with next year's contest closing August 1, 1950.

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Opera on Soviet Discs

HOUSTON MAPLES, JR.

RUSSIAN composers, past and present, have long constituted an important part of America's musical diet. Yet in the field of grand opera they are singularly unknown. The belief that Russian opera is too intensely nationalistic for universal appreciation is, I believe, a fallacy. Tchaikovsky was principally an operatic composer. Rimsky-Korsakov wrote many operas. Glinka, Rachmaninoff, Serov, Gretchaninov, Rubinstein, and—among the moderns—Dzerzhinsky, Kabalevsky, and Khrennikov have all produced operatic music more or less unknown outside of Russia and much of it of exceptional and enduring beauty.

Occasional releases by small U. S. record companies, frequently ill chosen and marred by a particularly distressing dubbing technique, have barely hinted at the extraordinary wealth of material which might be made available from Soviet discs. The exact limits of that treasure trove are unknown. There are no catalogues of Russian recordings. A visit to the Aprelevski factory near Moscow revealed that the officials themselves had no very definite idea of what they were manufacturing. Yet the material is practically unending.

All Soviet recordings are made originally in unbroken performances on photo-electric tone film. Individual excerpts are waxed, in a variety of sizes and degrees of completeness, from this original recording. Considerable unhappy comment has been made on the technical flaws of Russian discs. The modern excitement over high fidelity, extended range, and flat response is a thing unknown in that land, principally because the standard phonograph is a replica of an English hand-wound gramophone; portable, raucous, and with an extraordinary ability to grind a new record to dust within a matter of minutes. Then too, the host of record critics thirsting for technical perfection is non-existent.

The range of classical music available resembles the American catalogues of the pre-electric era. Short vocal selections predominate, principally operatic. The only album set I saw was a series of speeches by one Comrade Stalin. Extended recordings exist, but the average Muscovite apparently has other things to spend his money on.

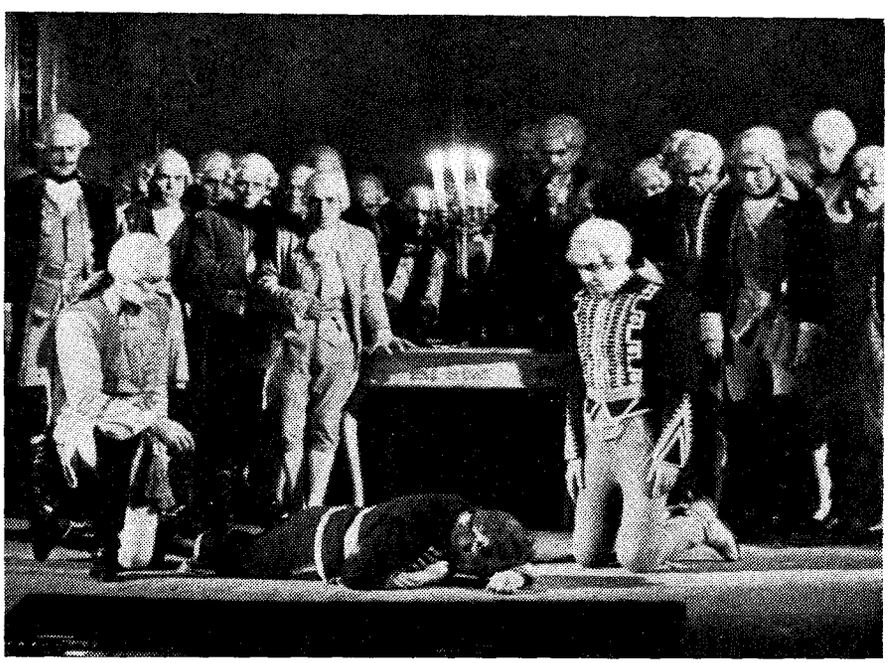
A few years ago a series of excerpts taken from the tone-film recording of "Eugene Onegin" was issued in this country. Few know that another recording of the opera has been made, employing a superior cast of singers—Shpiller, Lemeshev, and Slivinsky among them. A recent recording of Tchaikovsky's "Pikovaya Dama" ("Pique Dame") is the only opera being processed in its entirety at the present. It is a set of remarkable value, and well recorded. There has also appeared a growing number of excerpts from the complete "Russlan and Ludmilla" and "Ivan Susanin" ("A Life for the Czar") of Glinka, Borodin's "Prince Igor," from which a few dubbings have been made by Disc, and "Boris Godunov," currently suffering from ideological sickness.

The artists participating in all these complete recordings are what the Russians consider their best. Some of them, such as the jovial, rotund basso Mikhailov are magnificent by anyone's standards. His Ivan Susanin is unforgettable. Others are less exciting. All of them sing with devotion and deep understanding, precisely the qualities they lack when they turn to occasional Italian and French arias.

The dramatic soprano Derzhinskaya, one of the few to receive the title of Peoples Artist of the Soviet Union, sings Yaroslavna in "Prince Igor" with a beauty of tone quite unique in the Russian climate. She is inactive now. The later recording of "Pikovaya Dama" in which she sings Lisa shows the same tonal appeal, but also a growing tendency to sing flat. The lyric-coloratura Vallerie Barsova sings Ludmilla and Antonida in "Ivan Susanin" in a shimmering, lucid voice. She also takes on the small role of the Shepherdess in the ballroom divertissement of "Pikovaya Dama." For the role of Polina, and Marina in "Boris Godunov," we have the beautiful Maria Maksakova whose mezzo benefits by the proximity of the microphone. The popular basso Alexander Pirogov, a magnificent actor burdened with a faulty vocal production, sings the title role in "Boris," King Rene in "Iolanta," and the drunken Galitsky in "Prince Igor." An artist insufficiently appreciated by her countrymen is the contralto Antonova. The role of Vanya in "Ivan Susanin" is peculiarly her own, and she is no less impressive as Olga in "Eugene Onegin."

As for the tenor staff—Hanayev, Ozerof, and Kozlovski—one can observe that they are Russian and pass on. The first two sing with something less than conviction, the third is the outstanding example of the nasal, emasculated lyric tenor unfortunately typical of the country.

ONE artist rises above them all in greatness. That is the contralto Nadezhda Obukhova, probably the most outstanding singer Russia has produced since Chaliapin. She is now old, but continues to sing with her voice completely unimpaired. Her rare concerts are great social events among Moscow's artistic circles. Why she did not participate in the complete opera recordings has never been explained. Discs of musical im-



—*Sovfoto.*

A scene from Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame" as produced at the Bolshoi Theatre—"the belief that Russian opera is too nationalistic for universal appreciation is a fallacy."

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portance by this artist are desolately rare. She is particularly beloved for her penetrating renditions of old Russian romances and folk songs. Her Carmen was particularly fine, and recordings she made of that music can be heard regularly over the radio. I was never able to buy one. Her rendition of Martha's aria from Mussorgsky's "Khovantchina" has never been equalled. Recently she has made some of Tchaikovsky's songs available to the collector. They are unfortunately some of his less inspired works.

If the complete recordings have their duller stretches for Western ears, one can choose a remarkable selection of excerpts from the hundreds turned out by the Aprelevski factory. The Tchaikovsky enthusiast, even the jaded one, will find much to rejoice over in Natasha's "Song to the Winds"

—Sovfoto.

Alexander Pirogov—"a magnificent actor burdened with faulty vocal production"

from "Opritchnik," recorded by Kruglikova, or the "Blacksmith's Song" from the enchanting Christmas opera "Cherevichky" ("The Little Slippers"). The "Ariosa of War" from the "Moscow Cantata," sung by Davidova, a popular Carmen as well as Peoples Deputy to the Supreme Soviet, has been recorded with the Moscow Philharmonic. A lush Saturday-matinee version, with all the grimness removed, has recently been circulated here by Gladys Swarthout.

Italian, French, and German arias, rarely recorded, show a poverty of understanding and of style. Barsova's assault on the "Mignon" Polonaise comes unpleasantly to mind. One American critic, confronted with the Khatchaturian Violin Concerto, demanded in amazement if there had been no recordings made of the great German instrumental music. The answer is that there hasn't. As far as the Russians are concerned, there is plenty of Tchaikovsky and Khatchaturian to go around. Why bother with the rest?

There are three artists of the past which the Russians consider on an equal plane of greatness: the soprano Nezhdanova, the tenor Sobinov, and Chaliapin. The recording career of Nezhdanova began with Berliner Grammophon discs made in 1904 in old St. Petersburg. They reveal a charming lyric voice and an appalling lack of technical skill. Her electrical discs, made about 1935 have the same forlorn quality of Schumann-Heink's last efforts. "Parigi o cara" ("Traviata") and the Madrigal from "Romeo and Juliet" were made in a studio recording with the then rising young tenor Kozlovsky. Nina's romance from Glazounov's "Bal Maskarad" is also in circulation. Any qualities of greatness are sadly obscured.

Sobinov recorded extensively for

—Sovfoto.

Nadezhda Obukhova—"probably Russia's most outstanding singer since Chaliapin."

HMV in London, and his discs have been calmly dubbed off into new matrixes by the Russian engineers. This is the standard practice with all foreign recordings. Schipa, Bori, Caruso, Gigli, and Ruffo are particularly prevalent.

The Chaliapin discs are harder to trace. Many of them are easily recognizable as RCA Victor's early Camden releases. The origin of others is undeterminable. Employing the synchronization technique used by RCA Victor on its Caruso recordings, the Moscow Broadcasting Orchestra has been dubbed in to several of the older recordings to provide electrical accompaniments. The result has not been particularly convincing. Apparently neither company has yet discovered the miracle of the echo chamber, which, when added to an acoustical recording, brings out an extraordinary third dimension.

Communist doctrine makes the theatre an instrument of education. The result, musically, is that peculiar beast, the propaganda opera. Composers are prodded to produce works glorying in the heroic endeavors of the oppressed masses. Most of them turn to historical revolutions and national crises in Russia's past. The masses have remained singularly unimpressed by the attempts at education through music, and most of the works have disappeared from the theatre repertoire. Recordings are correspondingly scarce.

NO strictures need be passed, however, on the two operas by Dzerzhinsky, "The Upturned Soil" and "Silent Flows the Don." Each is memorable for a melodic invention that is ineffably sad, deeply touching, and intensely Russian. Specifically, in the first opera, there is "Lushka's Song," which Irina Kruglikova has recorded in two sections. It concludes with a spoken section unpleasantly reminiscent of grammar school recitations. Luckily the needle may be lifted at the end of the aria proper. "Song of the Silent Don," from the second opera, is a remarkable concentration of spirits essentially Russian. When sung with full chorus and orchestra, as it is in Dolgi's recording with the Bolshoi company, it becomes profoundly moving.

For the rest, Khrennikov's "Into the Storm" may show where modern Russian opera is headed, but hardly offers many rewards on the way. "The Mother's Song," recorded by Goliemba is probably typical of the limited heights to which it ascends.

Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" reveals a temperament of considerably more originality. A series of discs dating from the early Leningrad production are currently being manufactured. They have a pleasing aural perspective but are sometimes deficient in volume.

More and superior recordings are being made all the time, of course. One hopes that they won't remain inside Russia forever.

Houston Maples, Jr., twenty-one, is a senior at George Washington University (Washington, D. C.) majoring in English. "In my spare time," he confides, "I am working on a novel—when I can tear myself away from the phonograph." Mr. Maples lived in Moscow during 1946 and 1947, his father being stationed there as U. S. Naval Attaché. During the day the author of this article worked in the State Department's Office of Information and Culture. Nights were usually spent at the Bolshoi Theatre. Records discussed in this article were obtained "by combing all the little shops within walking distance of the Embassy, a tedious but rewarding process."

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Hail to Thee, Alma Miller

MUSICALLY speaking, the fall of 1946 was a good time to enter college. New, unheard of record labels were blossoming forth from the once sterile counters of every music store, and the movement to reissue out-of-stock jazz albums was steadily gaining impetus. New York City was reaping a rich harvest for the record collector, and for the freshman soon to leave for an out-of-town college, the moment was ripe for filling his trunk with practically every record his dwindling wallet could afford.

As a freshman of eighteen, I was taking with me from New York a mixed collection consisting of some Eddie Condon records and a few assorted albums of Dixieland jazz. My fears about entering a new world 300 miles from home, a world which I was convinced would turn out to be a musical wasteland, were somewhat assuaged by a determination to keep in contact with jazz through the medium of my own records from home.

Actually, my fears were quite unfounded. Upon arriving in college, I found it rather easy to procure good jazz recordings, and of course I soon came upon a small but fervid group of seersuckered compatriots who felt the same way about jazz as I did. But we were only a small group of perhaps thirty people in a college which numbered some 900 men and, even more important, we were living in a college town which abounded with rathskellers and the like. As a result, the juke box was a constant drinking companion.

This over-all situation helped to bring about a change in my entire taste in music; a change so gradual that I doubt if I was even aware of it at the time. It was a change brought about indirectly by the two factors mentioned above, but more directly, by an intangible something which writers and sociologists usually call, for lack of a better name, the "temper of youth." The "temper of youth," transposed musically, means that the majority of my classmates happened to like the swing records of the early Forties; the era when Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and Artie Shaw were the kingpins of swing. Thus, records like "String of Pearls" and "Traffic Jam" were constantly being played in the dorms, and the record collections of most fellows were dominated almost entirely by swing.

The high place which swing held in the favor of my classmates was reflected in the college town. Both record stores in the town were continually running sales of records which had been issued in the early Forties, and the big bands of today were poor runners-up in the total sales figures. In the bars and rathskellers the juke boxes featured records such as Miller's "Tuxedo Junction" and Harry James's "I Cried for You." Of perhaps twenty-five records on the local juke boxes, ten or twelve were usually recordings made seven or eight years ago.

Now I do not wish to imply that our staid college was swing mad. No one did "The Big Apple" at any college dances, and the "Shag" was something relegated to an era which most of us had spent in grammar school or the first year of high school. But the music of the early Forties was still with us. Despite the inroads which bebop was making along with the emergence of new bands, swing of the Miller, Goodman, and early Dorsey species yet reigned on high. And, in due time, swing claimed me as a willing victim, just as it claimed a few of my friends who, along with me, had sung the praises of Pee-Wee Russell and Eddie Condon.

In a sense, it was the end of a cycle. My interest in music had begun with swing and, later on, had branched out into the myriad forms of jazz. Now, influenced mainly by a sudden preponderance of records which only recently I had snubbed as being "commercial," I was back in the fold again. It was a process of reconversion which took almost three years to complete, and a process which I never thought would happen.

The one question which bothers me most, however, is "why?". Not why did I go back to my former enjoyment of swing, because under the circumstances that much seems almost natural, but why was swing such a predominant favorite among my classmates?

The question is an intriguing one. Here were my classmates, living in a period when Woody Herman, Stan Kenton, Les Brown, and many other good bands were turning out top recordings, and yet they were rejecting them in favor of records made many years previously. Admittedly, the records of Woody Herman and others could be classified under the heading of swing, but there is a vast difference between the "swing" of these men and the swing of the early part of the decade. Technically, the music of the past few years has become increasingly complex. The simple rhythmic riff, which was practically the trademark of pure swing, has been replaced by new harmonic forms and, in many cases, by an off-beat rhythm. "Progressive swing" is what many people call the music of today, but it is far removed from the swing which made the Paramount Theatre a musical mecca in the early Forties.

I THINK that one answer to the question "why" lies in the fact that the music of Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, and Artie Shaw is the music which most of us grew up on. I think that most of us felt that we had "outgrown" that type of music while actually we never had. But even more basically, I think that when we were away from home we wanted something which would remind us of our pre-college days. "Tuxedo Junction" and "I Cried For You" were very handy reminders. Whether or not this longing was a subconscious one which only came to the surface when we bought a record or dropped a nickel in a jukebox is something to which I cannot testify. Again, whether our campus should be classed as an isolated example, is another question which I am unable to answer.

My feeling is that the situation is probably the same on many campuses across the country, and that swing, the swing of the early Forties, still enjoys a tremendous popularity. I think that "Little Brown Jug" means a lot more than a fraternity beer mug or a football game prize. The fact of the matter is that the early recordings of Glenn Miller and his fellow band leaders symbolize a period which most of us want to hold on to.

Whether this situation holds any augury for the future or whether the record industry is suddenly going to reissue every swing record made in the early part of the decade is not for me to say. All I know is what happened to me and my friends. But sometimes, when I look at my record collection today and think of how my taste in music has changed over the past three years, I stop and wonder.

Alma Miller, I salute thee!

—EDWARD PLANER.

Edward Planer, twenty-one, a senior at Hobart College (Geneva, N. Y.) edits the college paper.

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Reviews of the Month

Creators and recreators have an equal claim on attention in the records for October 1949: a forgotten "Concertino" by Jean Françaix and two well-remembered works by Hindemith are offered for the first time in the domestic lists, along with a new Beethoven Fifth Symphony from Koussevitzky and standard piano literature played by Arrau and Sandor. Those searching for new names might consider Georgevic, Schmidt-Isserstedt, and Glawitsch.

Vive le Françaix!

FRANÇAIX: *Concertino for Piano and Orchestra. Jean Françaix, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lee Borchard.* (Capitol-Telefunken, 89-80108, $1.25.)

Friends of Françaix (a rather exclusive society these days, since the young man has not been heard from in a longish while) will note with interest the appearance of this whimsical product of 1934. Withdrawal of the slightly later (1937) concerto from the RCA Victor catalogue (Nos. 15114-5) has deprived us of the last sizable work of his to be found in an American listing, and Capitol-Telefunken has acted wisely in offering this excellent record from its overseas supply.

Though it is almost too soon to think of Poulenc having disciples, it was obviously his eyes that were peering over Françaix's shoulder as he wrote this work—four movements complete on two sides of a single disc!—his spirit that peeps mischievously from its sleek, shining measures. For a youth of twenty-two, it is a score of exceptional craftsmanship and certainty, in a very difficult style of clarity and transparence. Each movement is hardly begun before it is done, but that is one of its charms—better a thought that one would want to hear again than six thoughts that pall at first hearing. The third movement, with its puckish solo trumpet and trombone, is a special delight. (Had it occurred to Reger, we should doubtless have it in variation form at six-sides length.)

What the year of origin of this recording may be, the sponsors tell us not. They need not be so secretive, for it is whistle-clean, finely balanced, and tastefully upholstered with just enough resonance to give the sound a pleasant bounce. Françaix has his own light-fingered, deft way of playing the piano, as these sides attest. Credit Borchard, too, with a performance of this intrinsically French trifle which preserves all its national character notwithstanding the point of origin.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Joseph Haydn — "might benefit from a cymbal or two these days."

Piano Without Forte

ALBENIZ: *"Iberia" (Books I and II). Claudio Arrau, piano.* (Columbia LP ML 4194, $4.85.)

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in D, Op. 28 ("Pastorale")*; CHOPIN: *"Fantaisie," etc. Gyorgy Sandor, piano.* (Columbia LP ML 4193, $4.85.)

The piano only began to assert its true voice, phonographically, in the late Thirties, when a degree of uniformity in piano reproduction made the instrument, as such, recognizable, even when not played by a few artists —De Greef, Cortot, De Pachmann— who "recorded well." Good recording, especially in the European studios, had become something of a commonplace in the mid-Forties. But it appears that the multitudinous problems of the instrument will have to be freshly appraised and newly conquered for satisfactory results on LP.

There is not a great deal that deeply offends in these Columbia issues, nor is there much that properly satisfies. Arrau's instrument comes to us with a greater degree of roundness and resonance than Sandor's, but with a like pattern of strengths and weaknesses. Both have reasonable color and vibrance when the dynamic level is restricted—up to a mezzo forte, say. But the color fades and the vibrance diminishes when a full quota of force is applied, resulting in a dull boom of sound hardly flattering to the instrument or the instrumentalists.

As performance, the Arrau-Albeniz compilation remains the unique thing it was when originally issued: a homogeneous set of ingratiating pieces, played with a kind of art and insight rarely lavished upon them. With Sandor's Beethoven and Chopin, the comment must be both more circumspect and less affirmative. His "Pastorale" is a clean performance, but with little that is actively fanciful or creatively spirited. Similarly, the Chopin. Much of the "Fantaisie" is soundly played, but we lose faith in Sandor when the coda finds him impelling the tempo onward, without logical relation to the preceding music.

Surprise "Surprise"

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 94, in G ("Surprise"). Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Capitol-Telefunken album ECL 8021, $5.)

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 73, in D ("La Chasse"). Fabien Sevitzky conducting the Indianapolis Symphony.* (RCA Victor album 1312, $4.75.)

Nothing in the phonographic casebook of the lavishly named Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt — accompaniments for Erna Sack, directions of various potpourris—had prepared me for the clean, spirited, and altogether superior playing of the much-played "Surprise" credited to him in this album. Like many another taken-for-granted composer, the music of Haydn demands a certain sense of proportion, of balance and weight, from a conductor, the lack of which can be fatal. Hans S-I does not lack it and the results are not fatal; they are in fact, productive of the best "Surprise" we have, including two recent ones by Sargent and Koussevitzky.

What are the elements, then, that distinguish this performance from those other, surely excellent, ones? They are, in the first instance, a special interest in the work and a particular care in its preparation, which are evident from first to last; reinforced by a string player's knowledge of how strings should sound. That is, the strings are never forced into an ugly sound, or pushed to produce one not in their true character. Consequently, there is always a vibrant richness of tone, with which Schmidt-Isserstedt works like a painter with a well-varied palette. The famous "Surprise" might benefit from a cymbal or two these days—how has it escaped Stokowski this long?—but with or without it, the score is one that bubbles with vitality from first to last. As intimated, the string tone is

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excellent, the whole sound of the orchestra deeply satisfying.

Per contra, the Sevitzky-Indianapolis effort is just that—an effortful, overstressed, "intense" performance which forgets that Haydn never heard the Berlioz orchestra, let alone Wagner's. But Sevitzky fancies a volume of tone, a thickness of contour that would embarass Bruckner's "Romantic." They may love Sevitzky in Indianapolis, but a Viennese critic might well wonder what kind of culture America sponsors to "immortalize" this distortion in recorded form.

Another from the Balkans

VERDI: *"De' miei bollenti spiriti" ("Traviata"), etc. Dusan Georgevic, tenor, with orchestra of the Suisse Romande conducted by Alberto Erede.* (London LPS 79, $4.95.)

The succession of consequential singers that has come to attention recently from the Balkan peninsula—Milanov was the first, then Ilitsch, Welitsch, and most recently Arie—continues unabated this month with Dusan Georgevic, a tenor of voice, brains, and style. Since a singer with any one of these attributes is a handy person to have around, one who combines all three is something of a prodigy. Let us go further and note that Georgevic sings his Verdi, Leoncavallo ("Serenade" from "Pagliacci"), Mascagni ("Siciliana" from "Cavalleria"), and Donizetti ("Una furtiva lagrima") in Italian, his Massenet ("Le Rêve" from "Manon") in excellent French, and his Rimsky-Korsakov ("Chanson Indoue") in authentic-sounding Russian!

As a type, the voice is more akin to Schipa's than any I have recently heard. It is clear, beautifully produced, and superbly sustained at all levels of power, except in "Le Rêve" which has the characteristic indecision of tenors in this air regarding pitch. Though I would say it is a smallish voice, it has abundant power for the climax of the "Traviata" excerpt as well as the agility to encompass the flourishes of Donizetti with suaveness and lovely silkiness of texture. In phrasing and neatness of musical detail, Georgevic reminds one of those legendary tenors of pre-electric days: Lazarro or Bonci.

The likeness is heightened by the kind of recording London has accomplished, for it has that true vocal timbre so rarely heard in these days of microphones, boosts, pre-emphasis, and all the rest. There are occasional suggestions that someone is lending a helping hand at the controls—even a fine singer could scarcely manage Georgevic's flawless crescendos and decrescendos—but it is ravishing sound by whatever means accomplished. Erede does his customarily fine work with the orchestra.

A Fifth of Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5 in C minor. Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1313, $6, WDM 1313, $4.30.)

To the host of great, near-great, and merely employed conductors who have recorded the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven may now be added the name of one who falls into both of the first categories (depending on what work he is conducting) but, curiously, not into the third. It doubtless represents a climax of more than one sort for Koussevitzky: a long-awaited chance to record this great work, an honorary release as he concludes his long tenure with the Boston orchestra.

Aurally, it is certainly one of the better versions of the Fifth now available. Victor has apparently utilized this gala enterprise to acquaint us with something new in Boston Symphony reproduction. Extended range is certainly employed, also a new kind of resonant background. The result, it seemed to me, was that of a good 8-H recording put through an echo chamber, in which the dry, clear, crisp quality associated with that arena is surrounded by some air space. Bigness and clarity are twin foci of this sound, also a rather amazing dynamic range. But the violins still scrape rather than sing, the brasses have punch but little vibrance. I imagine it would all prove out perfectly on a frequency meter; but there is more to good reproduction than that.

Musically and emotionally it is one of a rather remarkable standard for Koussevitzky: methodical, evenly paced, forthright, and consistent. What it lacks, essentially, is personality: either the intensity that Toscanini poured into his incomparable (and often unlistenable) playing or the more human accent of Walter and Furtwängler.

Hour with Hindemith

HINDEMITH: *"Nobilissima Visione" and "Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl Maria Von Weber." Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra; Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra.* (Columbia LP ML 4177, $4.85.)

For those who believe, with me, that the ballet music of "St. Francis" is the best Hindemith known to them, there will be special interest in this first recording of it in its concert form, offered under the original title. Included are the "Introduction and Rondo," "March and Pastorale," and "Passacaglia." That feeling for the idiom of Hindemith which Ormandy first made manifest in his "Mathis der Maler" recording—much more intensely, even, in a concert performance during the latter part of last season—is again pertinently applied.

What distinguishes this Hindemith from the other, more familiar and less palatable composer of the same name is the fertilization of his indubitable technical mastery by a creative impulse that gives flow and pulse to the sounds that are heard. I admit that the opportunity to become familiar with it provided by the many repetitions of the ballet is no small part of that appreciation; but I doubt that there would have been those repetitions had the work not the stuff of life in it. For that matter, it made a profound impression on most listeners at first impact, and it has not diminished since. Beautiful orchestral playing by the Philadelphia solo winds and brass would embellish a lesser score: here they make luminous what is already brilliant.

Columbia's coupling of "Nobilissima Visione" with the fussy, over-scored "Symphonic Metamorphosis" provides an unfortunately pertinent illustration of my conception of the two Hindemiths. One can sense that Hindemith wanted desperately—perhaps too desperately—to write a really gay and charming piece in this "Metamorphosis," but the midnight oil must have run out before he accomplished his purpose. As for the "Scherzo" on the Chinese theme, it sounds less like Weber than a product of Canon II (3 hours per week), with a few less than hot licks suddenly remembered for trombone. Some widely spaced chimes-and-percussion passages point up the uncommon excellence of the reproduction in both instances.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Paul Hindemith—"a few less than hot licks for trombone."

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 65 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Toccata and Fugue in D minor; Passacaglia in C, "Sleepers Awake," etc. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia LP ML 2058, $3.85.	Brilliantly as the Toccata and Fugue has been recorded for the phonograph in the past, it has never sounded with the vigor and abundance that may be absorbed from this first issue in LP form. This time the "arrangement" is Ormandy's, but the method is Stokowski's, bigger and better than ever. "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" and "Sleepers Awake," both superbly played, complete this side. The "Passacaglia," overside, is much duller in sound, with climax excruciating in its garish tastelessness.
Berlioz: "Romeo and Juliet" excerpts; "Les Troyens"—"Royal Hunt and Storm." Charles Munch conducting the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. London LLP 3, $5.95.	Save for the "Queen Mab Scherzo," this performance adds little to the excerpts recently expounded by Toscanini with a blend of fervor and burning insight which Munch, for all his ability, does not command. In fact, it omits the "Concert et Bal," as well, of course, as all the vocal music. However, the "Royal Hunt" is spaciously played, with the authentic ffrr fulness in this London LP.
Brahms: Concerto for Violin. Ossy Renardy, violin, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. London album 87, $11.55.	A very live, youthful, and ingratiating performance from Renardy. It may not have the seasoned expressiveness of Szigeti or the limitless virtuosity of Heifetz, but it has its own authentic alertness, cleanly, consistently controlled. Munch—a violinist of sorts himself—provides a thoroughly integrated background, and the recording is the richest Brahms yet.
Donizetti: "Linda di Chamounix" —Air of Linda. Erna Sack, with orchestra directed by Willy Czernik. Capitol-Telefunken 89-80110, $1.25.	Highflying vocal art by Sack, which is more than mere glitter. She has a bright sense of the style appropriate to this matter, with a dazzling leap to a G above C and a cascade down two octaves for the stunt without which no disc of hers is complete. The overside "Mi chiamano Mimi" (in German) is another, and sadder, story. Both are well reproduced.
Enesco: "Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1." Artur Rodzinski conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Columbia LP ML. 2057, $3.85.	A not-remarkable shellac album has been metamorphosed into a dazzling LP by the genie of Bridgeport. The playing of the Philharmonic crackles with life, the strings in particular splendid. Easily the best Enesco to be heard, particularly without breaks. The overside "Mephisto Waltz" of Liszt is swiftly played, but without so much relevant emphasis or mechanical virtue.
Haydn: Symphony No. 90 in C. Paul Schmitz conducting the Leipzig Gewandhaus Chamber Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon album 11, $8.50.	An amiable work of Haydn's best period, though not comparable in quality to the famous "88," the "Oxford" or "Surprise" on either side of it. Schmitz beats proper time, but the orchestra is undersized, the reproduction dull and without vitality or sparkle.
Haydn: "The Seasons." Vittorio Gui conducting the EIAR Orchestra and chorus, with Gabriella Gatti, soprano, Francesco Albanese, tenor, and Luciano Neroni, basso. Cetra-Soria LP 1202, $11.90.	As performance, the qualities of this remain as previously noted, in its conventional form. However, the transfer to LP (two discs in *automatic* sequence) has vastly enhanced the quality of sound, eliminated surface noise almost entirely, and simultaneously decreased the price by more than one third—all of which makes the Italian text easier to take. Gui is occasionally ponderous, but the soloists are all excellent, likewise chorus and orchestra.
Järnefelt: "Praeludium" and "Berceuse." George Weldon conducting the City of Birmingham Orchestra. Columbia 17590, 85¢; 3-242, 90¢.	The whole of the active Järnefelt literature on a single ten-inch disc or, if you are LP minded, on a seven-incher. Weldon plays the fanciful "Praeludium" with a proper blend of humor and precison, the "Berceuse" with appealing gentleness. The tonal qualities of the small disc are excellent, but mine has a pitch quaver.
Verdi: "Rigoletto"—"La donna e mobile"; "Questa o quella." Richard Tucker, with orchestra conducted by Emil Cooper. Columbia 72828, $1; 3-259, 90¢.	Why these brief airs should be presented in inverse order of their occurrence in the opera, I can't say, save to give critics cause for carping complaint. A highly creditable effort by Tucker, more in the dark style of the late Caruso than the brighter ones of Bjoerling and Lauri-Volpi. Overside the Flotow "M'Appari" is also splendidly delivered.
Von Suppe: "Boccaccio" excerpts. Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, and Rupert Glawitsch, tenor, with orchestra directed by Walter Lutze. Capitol-Telefunken 89-80109, $1.25.	Most of the best tunes from this engaging score, done in the familiar medley-manner under the vigorous baton of Lutze. It dates from the Schwarzkopf operetta period, with the Mozart-singer of today performing with zest and vocal freshness. Glawitsch has gone to the Tauber-Wittrisch-Anders school, and is a worthy alumnus. Good broad recording.
Wagner: "Lohengrin," Prelude. Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Tonhalle Orchestra of Zurich. London K1709, $2.10.	The sonority if not the sobriety of the Knappertsbusch performance is something to admire; though it is purely an academic virtue. I can't imagine anyone prefering sonority to the surge of spirit in the Toscanini discs with the NBC or Philharmonic Orchestras, the latter especially.
Wagner: "Lohengrin," Preludes; "Tannhäuser," Overture. Eugen Jochum conducting the orchestra of the German Opera House, Berlin, and the Berlin Philharmonic. Capitol-Telefunken album 8024, $5.	These "Lohengrin" discs (Preludes to Acts I and III) suffer much the same disability as the Munch and Knappertsbusch mentioned above: *mal d'Arturo*, minus the sonority of ffrr. However the "Tannhäuser" overture is another matter: fine dramatic performance, much more brilliantly reproduced than the "Lohengrin" excerpts, with a particularly fine climax on side three. Eager Wagnerites are cautioned that a new "Tannhäuser" (plus "Bacchanale") is promised on LLP for imminent release.
Wagner: "Die Meistersinger," Prelude to Act III. Eugen Jochum conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Capitol-Telefunken 89-80111, $1.25.	Competence rather than character is the temper of Jochum in this music of much and eloquent character. The orchestra plays well, and the basic quality of sound is good, though blemished by a buzz every so often. The ugly break in mid-phrase at the end of side one seems childish in these days of continuous listening, and doubtless will be remedied when Capitol converts this to LP. There, too, couldn't they cut the silly cadence at the end? —Irving Kolodin.

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Words and Music by LP

OF ALL the benefits conferred by LP, none, it seems to me, exceeds the pleasure that has accrued from the recorded literature of musical theatre molded from bits and arias into whole acts and performances. What was a modest (but far from tentative) beginning with Columbia's "La Bohème" has blossomed into a veritable garden of memorable experiences, some new, some old, but all good. Nor is it all of one browbeaten area: high, low, and middle are honored this month. Is it "Norma" you prefer? "Trial by Jury"? "Oklahoma!"? (A veritable typographical orgy, that last.) They have all been born anew, by LP out of microgroove.

Opinions will vary concerning the order in which one should tackle this problem (there are those to whom the news that "H.M.S. Pinafore" and the "Pirates of Penzance" as well as "Trial by Jury" can be heard in brand new performances by the D'Oyly Carte Company will come as water on parched soil), but I am most impressed by the conversion of the prewar "Norma," with Cigna, Stignani, Breviario, and Pasero, and the wartime "Oklahoma!," with Drake, Roberts, Holm, *et al* into virtually new listening experiences. Both, in their original form, were undervalued by inferior processing; given the opportunity to reconsider and reconstruct, the engineers have produced, in Cetra-Soria LP 1204 ($17.85) and Decca LP 8000 ($2.85), vastly improved products testifying to the original excellence of the masters. How long, O lords and masters, must we wait for "Le Nozze," "Don Giovanni," and "Zauberflöte" to join the list?

Purists, I can imagine, will contend that LP fails of its purpose in the instances of "Norma" and "Pinafore" and "The Pirates" because each of these has acts longer than the maximum time that can be accommodated on a twelve-inch LP. Hence there are breaks, intelligently arranged to fall at the ends of scenes, but breaks nevertheless. Is this, then, not a misrepresentation of the LP claim that it tolerates "no interruption not specified by the composer"? Far from it: for who ever heard of a "Norma" or "Pinafore" performance that was not interrupted at similar points for the audience to express its enthusiasm, or even for the repetition of a favored number?

I have contrived what I think is the ideal solution for this minor, but still knotty, problem. It is the Kolodin Applausograph—a small device consisting of a tiny record, an equally tiny motor and pickup, connected to the amplifier of my machine by a cord, with a toggle switch beside my chair. When I have reached the end of Scene Two, Act I of "Norma," my Applausograph goes into action as the pickup leaves the record and the next record slips into place. From my chair, I can provide just as much volume of applause as I think the performance merits, fade it out quietly as the music resumes, and thus be utterly indifferent to breaks. I am, in fact, considering the recording of hisses, boos, and catcalls—in the language appropriate to each work, of course—along with such terms as "Bis" and "Olé," "Cani" and "Schweinhund" for use as the occasion warrants.

That can wait, however, as there is little temptation for any sounds but approving ones in the present instance. "Casta Diva" has been sung with firmer vocal control than Cigna manages in this set, but it is an unqualified pleasure to follow its voluptuous curving line, its ecstatic rise and fall as it is heard in the opera house. Likewise, Pasero's rich-toned "Ite sul colle, O Druidi," and Stignani's' part of "Mira, O Norma." Gui's fine pace throughout, the work of the orchestra and chorus all have a new valuation in this well-conceived, eloquently executed performance.

"OKLAHOMA!," of course, is another kind of problem, since it is essentially a medley, without dialogue and with no real continuity. However, the qualities of Alfred Drake's voice in his "People Will Say We're in Love" days, the acting archery of Celeste Holm's "I Can't Say No," and Lee Dixon's "Kansas City" are far more apparent in the slickness of these surfaces (unbreakable, incidentally, but not described as Vinylite) than they ever were on the rough stock of the original issues. Some compensation seems to have been applied to reinforce the extremities of range, but no miracles should be expected in this regard. Sufficient it is that the musical comedy artistry of Drake's "Surrey with the Fringe on Top" is truly audible, the gusty excitement of the "Oklahoma!" chorus at last the rousing thing it was in the theatre. I may add that the "Carousel" disc, which has just appeared, is even more successful, thanks to a master of superior quality.

Finally, G&S. I am not one of those impassioned Savoyards who can repeat, as if by rote, every rhyme and couplet Gilbert produced—down to and including the "Bab Ballads"—, which may disqualify me from critical jury duty in this instance. But I can commend "Trial by Jury" (with Richard Watson a wonderful Judge, Leslie Rands a brilliant Counsel, and Muriel Harding, a sweet-sounding Plaintiff, London LP 70, $5.95) as a complete delight; "The Pirates of Penzance" (with Martyn Green's classic Major General Stanley, Darell Fancourt's hearty Pirate King, and such capable people as Leonard Osborn as Frederic and Miss Harding as Mabel, London LP 80 and 81, $11.90) almost as good; and "H.M.S. Pinafore" (London LP 71 and 72, $11.90) intermittently entertaining. The last of these suffers from some uncertain vocal work from Ella Halman, and since she sings Little Buttercup this is a rather considerable liability. However, Leslie Rand's Captain Corcoran could scarcely be better, the Bob Bobstay of Richard Walker and the Ralph Rackstraw of Leonard Osborn in the true tradition of their predecessors. Since it is the distinction of the D'Oyly Carte performances to be thoroughgoing ensemble efforts, the disaffection of Miss Halman blemishes only her record. Certainly "He is an Englishman" has never sounded as well on discs, or Green's "Model Major General." Words about the enhancement of clarity in enunciation or niceties of phrasing may wait for comparison with the shellac discs which have not yet reached us; but I am quite content to accept the fine sounds from the company directed by Isidore Godfrey as a new standard for Gilbert as well as Sullivan.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*Vandamm.*

Alfred Drake in "Oklahoma!"—"born anew, by LP out of microgroove."

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Looking Backwards— Emanuel Feuermann

IN THESE days of fluctuating catalogues, it is perhaps no supreme surprise to find a first-rate artist represented in the lists of two great companies by as many works as were present half a dozen years ago. After all, there have been many thousands of recordings in that time both here and abroad—Petrillo and Hitler notwithstanding—and the rate of production would reasonably parallel the rate of attrition for a Heifetz, a Rubinstein, a Szigeti, a Piatigorsky.

The supreme surprise is that it applies to one of that splendid company, Emanuel Feuermann, whose last record is at least seven years old, since he died in 1942. Not yet forty when a major miscarriage of medical justice cost him his life in the routine of a minor operation, the survival of his records is the greatest conceivable validation of the extravagant things that were said about him in the American press from the day of his first appearance here in 1935 to the last in early 1942. The stress of materialistic competition which placed in a class apart Casals, Feuermann, and Piatigorsky, has proven to be artistically accurate. For with Casals inactive and Feuermann dead, Piatigorsky endures in a category alone, threatened by Pierre Fournier, Paul Tortelier, and Leonard Rose of the postwar generation, perhaps, but comfortably their superior still in all-round mastery.

No such statement could be made today had not the functions of blood and bone and bodily chemistry gone awry on that day of May 1942. For those who had experienced his art in all its robust purity and esthetic probity, Feuermann was as satisfying a musician as this generation has known. It is not enough to say that one never knew him to play badly: whether it was chamber music, solo recital, or as assisting artist with orchestra, I cannot recall an occasion on which he was less than superb.

Lest these words seem mere fanaticism, let me quote the records. Where in the world has there been finer cello playing in an ensemble work than his "Archduke" trio of Beethoven with Heifetz and Rubinstein (RCA Victor album 949)? Where a finer performance of Brahms than his Double Concerto with Heifetz (RCA Victor album 815), the B flat trio (RCA Victor album 883), or the E minor sonata (Columbia album 236)? Some may object to the undue prominence of Feuermann's cello in the "Don Quixote" of Strauss with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (RCA Victor album 720), but no one could describe as less than insuperable the warmth and eloquence of the sound produced by Feuermann for the recording engineers to do with as they would.

Emanuel Feuermann — "the adjustment between virtuoso and votary."

I cite, at the one extremity of Feuermann's art, his exquisite playing of the concerto commonly attributed to Haydn (with Malcolm Sargent, in Columbia album 262), at the other his several remarkable collaborations with Paul Hindemith (the second trio for strings in Columbia album 209, a scherzo for violin and cello in the same company's "History of Music"). In the centuries between one finds him masterful in Mozart (the E flat trio with Heifetz and Primrose, RCA Victor album 959), sensitive in Schubert (the B flat trio with Heifetz and Rubinstein, RCA Victor album 923), irreproachable in Reger (the unaccompanied Suite in G, Columbia album X152).

Without laboring the alphabet further, one may merely allude to a series he gave in New York in 1938 (with the National Orchestral Association) in which he exhausted not merely the cello literature, but also all the cellists present. Beginning with Karl Phillip Emanuel Bach's A major concerto and proceeding to Ernest Bloch's "Schelomo" rhapsody, Feuermann was master not only of the music (fourteen works!) and his instrument, but of himself and the audience. In a score of listening years, I can recall no like instance of versatility so pervasive and so profound save a preceding series by Gabrilo-

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witsch, to whose memory these concerts were dedicated.

I suppose he played Cui's "Orientale" (Columbia 17158) or the "Polonaise Brilliante" of Chopin (RCA Victor 17610) as well as the next great cellist. After all, Rank Has Its Privileges. But it is not for these that he is primarily remembered. Such an impression as was made in the early Thirties by his Dvorak Cello Concerto with an orchestra directed by one Michael Taube—originally, I believe, on imported Odeon, later circulated in this country in the Decca catalogue as Nos. 25300-04—and confirmed in his Philharmonic-Symphony debut with Bruno Walter asserts for one more welcome time the utility of the phonograph as not merely an instrument of musical pleasure but also as an adjunct of musical culture.

What was it that the shallow, raspy, not too eloquent Odeon grooves told us and the vibrant reality affirmed? It was nothing more nor less than the proclamation of a musician who had made himself and his instrument an indivisible part of the literature he professed. Describing a public performer in terms of modesty or self-effacement is precarious at best, but Feuermann remains in memory as one of the few who managed the adjustment between virtuoso and votary with taste, dignity, and some degree of conviction. The physical act of playing the cello makes it inescapable for the performer to be as much a listener to what is produced as the audience. Among the many I have observed, he was one of the few who appeared to be listening not more to himself than to the music.

One recalls, as something special in the Feuermann performance, the manner of his appearance on the stage. The cello is anything but a convenient instrument to handle, save if one has the physique of a Piatigorsky; and Feuermann was a man of medium height, with arms in proportion. When he made his way through the mazes of an orchestral ensemble, he might have been one more member of the cello section taking his routine place, a figure of no ostentation.

There was one special mannerism I now recall—thinking of it for the first time in the years since he died—as the most demonstrative he ever allowed himself. In a moment of special beauty or intentness, especially in a lyric phrase slowly bowed, his head would incline slightly backward—not over the instrument, as some cellists favor—and his cheeks would dimple slightly, as though drawn slightly inward in an ecstasy of contemplation. I have very little recollection of him ever looking at the keyboard of his instrument. His fingers had a life of their own, for which visual assistance would only have been a hindrance.

The temptation to think of him only in the orchestral setting is strong, though not historically true, for he made multiple appearances in New York as a recitalist. But the virtuoso-recital was hardly his *metier*.

Given any kind of reasonable life-span, Feuermann would be among us now, a prime forty-seven, since his date of birth in Kolomea, Galicia, was November 22, 1902. But who is to account for careers? He was but eleven when he first played with Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic; sixteen when he joined the faculty of the Cologne Conservatory; twenty-seven when the Berlin Hochschule dubbed him "professor." For the usual good reason he left Germany after 1933, first for Vienna and then for America, where he was about to become a citizen when he died. Into that relatively brief span of years was crowded an artistic accomplishment of the first order, whether one chooses as the high point the series aforementioned, the program he gave with Schnabel and Hubermann in New York, or the records with Rubinstein and Heifetz. In the case of Feuermann, at least, the phonograph—so often remiss in its appointed role of curator and custodian of artistic worth—has been true to its trust. —I. K.

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More Highs than Lows

JAY LEFER

AFTER a time, and after suffering the pangs of striving for greater and greater perfection in listening to records, Bach and Beethoven dwindled down to fundamental overtones, harmonics, full frequency, cycles, and the auditory systems of dogs and humans. This, I think, is somewhat pathetic, because I had always enjoyed my records as music, and nothing more. The neatly arranged rows of albums lost their alphabetical order during the frequency experiments.

The records, as music, were a great comfort. Instead of smoking endless stretches of cigarettes, or kicking someone in the head when certain moods called for these respective actions, I would smile cunningly to myself and close the door of my room. Bach offered an exulting solace, the "Saint Matthew Passion" seemed like warm breaths of incense refreshing my soul. Beethoven and the "Appassionata" made me one with Zeus and sent dejected spirits to Olympian flights with Hermes. And Debussy—ah, Debussy. I could always bring a date to listen to the "Sacred and Profane Dances," and she would smile condescendingly while the harp sent tremors through the room.

Suddenly, I discovered that records gave a frequency of seven thousand cycles, that the human ear is able to grasp twenty thousand. Greater frequencies could be attained by changing the instrument and using greater frequency records. The speaker, after careful measurement, turned out to be twenty-four centimeters, and it was not even co-axial. It was a terrifying disappointment to learn that Beethoven wasn't all Beethoven, but that he was limited by mechanical and electronic construction. Millions of record collectors, music lovers, millions were being robbed of full musical enjoyment.

In order to remedy this situation, I decided, it was necessary that I learn the theory of the record, pitch and its determinants, and the construction of the instrument that did not produce the entire Debussy—the phonograph. I therefore became a part-time radio technician and physicist. I gleaned the fundamentals of electronics, concentrating on vacuum tubes, diodes, and triodes, since I couldn't understand anything else about the subject.

The first thing to be done was to get rid of the imperfect instrument. Like any character out of Kafka, I peered about the apartment. No one. I took screwdriver and knife, and cut the connecting wires leading to the amplifier. The twenty-four centimeter speaker was easily removed. After a sudorific half-hour, the entire cabinet was empty. I feverishly removed the bolts and screws, and placed them inside a waiting box. The book "Radio and Electronics" was opened, and I studied a number of diagrams.

I had previously purchased a few components, and the only thing left to do was to place them inside the empty console. Accidently, I touched a naked wire, which made my fingers twitch slightly, but I consoled myself saying that soon I would be listening to Bach in all his glory and hallelujah. A reluctance pickup was placed in the phonograph head, connected to a preamp. I had no idea what all the little colored wires were running through these devices. They must be connected to something else which is connected to something else, and somewhere we get resistance, and invisible electrons increase the voltage, which increases the current to a greater proportion than it was before I had placed the colored wires with the rest of the circuit.

That done, there was the problem of soldering the preamp to the co-axial speaker, which was thirty-six centimeters in diameter! I also had thirty watts of power. Think of it. Why, the entire place would rock with resonance.

I drew back and stood for a moment admiring the new amplifying system with all its wattage and beauty. As if in a dream, I placed the plug inside the wall, turned on the preamp switch, turned on the amp switch, and heard a sharp tink. That was what came out of it, a tink. Then a warm hummmmm followed. By controlling the bass or treble controls, I could make different sorts of hummmms, some four thousand cycles, and some fifteen.

The amplifier began to sound like "Ionization," and I thought that the final test had come. There ought to be some music in the cabinet to fit this occasion. Something bewitching, vibrant. My eyes fell on the full frequency recording of "Symphonie Fantastique." The records dropped one by one. I no longer heard the cymbals, the drums, the violins, but tremendous rumblings. Fifteen thousand cycles. It was true, the room did vibrate. I felt the floor move as I turned up the volume and the brass came in. Berlioz, O Berlioz, what reproduction!

Here it is, I tell everyone who comes to listen, concert hall performance right here in the living room. It cost 500 dollars, but it's equal to any of the expensive commercial models. Yes, sir, concert hall performance. You say you're in the mood for the Purcell "Trumpet Prelude." Forget about the mood. Listen to the volume. Bass. Treble. Pretty good, isn't it? Watch the glass tremble as I turn up the frequency. Here come the trumpets. Ready? Sit back, it might shake you off the seat. I guess those little anvils in your ears never heard anything like this before. Here come the trumpets again. Hold tight. Fifteen thousand cycles. Think of it.

Jay Lefer is a junior at Columbia College and an editor of the Jester.

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HITS AND MISSES

THE CRYSTALLINE reaches of the Maine coast, where we have been lucky enough to spend the end of summer, are immensely flattering to good popular music and a vivid rebuke to whatever is shoddy. Nothing has come along in the most recent batch of records which seems exactly memorable in face of a blue Maine day, but there are some items which have made very pleasant piazza listening and a few novelty effects that may bear mentioning. Tommy Dorsey, the elder statesman, a sort of Elihu Root of dance music, has like most elder statesmen before him done a good many flashy things in his time which have had more to do with furthering his career than with exhibiting his best abilities. But his sumptuous trombone and sound bandsmanship are always likely to appear, and this month there are two examples: a rich version of Gershwin's "Summertime" (RCA Victor 20-3523, 79¢) and a vigorously ornate treatment of "The Continental" (RCA Victor 20-3450, 79¢). Continuing in the big band field, it is to be noted that Walter Thornton, the model agent, a man who sees so many beautiful girls that they must get to seem something of a bore, has been honored by one of the characteristically powerful efforts of Noro Morales's orchestra, "The Walter Thornton Rhumba" (M-G-M 10452, 63¢). Unlike so many popular numbers whose titles smack of sales promotional activity, this is music of punch and character.

Unfortunately, our album of "Music from Madame Bovary" (M-G-M 43, $2.36) arrived in the State of Maine with the selections from that new motion picture grievously cracked. The snatches we were able to play suggested that the "Waltz," "Prelude," "Romance," "Torrent," and "Passepied" have no little atmosphere and romantic poignancy. The composer is Miklos Rozsa, who also scored the movies "Lost Weekend," "Spellbound," and "Command Decision," and we think we might enjoy his unfractured work a good deal more than the music from Walt Disney's new "Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad." We have heard four of the numbers rendered in bang-up style by Tex Beneke's orchestra and assisting vocalists. Mr. Beneke's lust for the fortissimo is no special pleasure, but then the numbers themselves, like so many of Walt Disney's effects, steadily dismay us with their desperate air of cuteness-or-bust. There has long been altogether too much deliberate infantilism going on in the Disney camp. For the benefit of those who wish to follow his relentless invasion of the world of Washington Irving, we report that the Beneke renditions are "Ichabod," "Katrina," "The Headless Horseman," and "The Merrily Song" (RCA Victor 20-3527 and 20-3528, 79¢ each).

That versatile fellow Nat "King" Cole appears again with three numbers running perhaps as wide a gamut as any musical artist is likely to offer for some time. One is at loss to imagine how Nat ever came by such a vast range of interpretive sympathies. First he offers a new work by Eden Ahbez, whose "Nature Boy" Nat made famous. In the new *oeuvre*, called "Land of Love" (Capitol 57-716, 79¢), there is the same sort of oboe piping and bashing of cymbals, and it is still difficult to tell whether Mr. Ahbez would direct our attention to well-filled Oriental pantalettes or to less substantial ideals. But the odor of punk remains unmistakeable. On the other side, without batting an eyelash, Nat and his trio plunge into "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"—a winning business full of deft harmonic contortion. And, finally, in "Your Voice" (Capitol 57-705, 79¢) Nat draws up a fine piece of artillery in the war between the sexes, making his own contribution to that great campaign which began so early in history, even before the Japanese took as their ideograph for "noise" the symbols meaning "three women."

Tommy Dorsey—"a sort of Elihu Root of dance music."

—*George Barrows.*

Tony Parenti—"between scored ragtime and all-out jazz improvisation."

Two albums moved us so sufficiently that we carried them all the way to Maine from parts south—and propose to carry them south again. Both, certain critics of this department will be unhappy to hear, are flagrantly antiquarian. Our recently advertised admiration for the pianist Ralph Sutton, and for Tony Parenti's ragtime trio, which includes Sutton, is also extended to Parenti's Ragtimers, which further includes Wild Bill Davison, cornet; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Danny Barker, banjo; Cy St. Clair, tuba, and Baby Dodds, drums. In the album "The Ragtime Band" (Circle S-8, $3.93) this combination presents a number of wonderful old rags such as "Swipesey Cake Walk," "Hysterics Rag (A Trombone Fit)," "Sunflower Slow Drag," and "Grace and Beauty." The manner of presentation varies between scored ragtime and all-out jazz improvisation. But the consanguinity of these types of American syncopation was never more clearly demonstrated, and, indeed, one of the most exciting things about the records is the way in which the scored, raggy passages, often colorful and charming, are climaxed so naturally, and with such galvanic effect, by abandoned jazz playing. The historic process in which American syncopators increasingly "took off" from their scores is clearly suggested. In the album "Jazz a la Creole" (Circle S-13, $2.88) a quartet of the most gifted Negro musicians—Albert Nicholas, clarinet; Danny Barker, guitar; James P. Johnson, piano, and Albert "Pops" Foster, string bass—recall the Creole entertainers of New Orleans, making a music which is dulcet, songful, simple in form, fastidious in expression—music which, by virtue of delicate artistry, wears like iron.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Lexicon for Listeners

IT IS by no means a secret among those in the reviewing trade that many of the expressions to which they attach importance may mean as much, more, or less than they intend, depending on the affinity that exists between writer and reader. In an effort to strengthen that affinity, I offer herewith my own definition of some terms to which I have repeated recourse. Alternate or supplementary definitions are invited from any and all.

Attenuated. A kind of sound, in extremes of the high and low registers, in which the full vibrations have been suppressed, by monitoring (*q.v.*) in order to avoid overloading the grooves.

Balance. The literal equivalent, in sound terms, of scales evenly weighted; in which the proportions of an ensemble, of whatever size, are in suitable alignment.

Blast. Distortion introduced into an amplifier by overcut grooves.

Brassy. A predominance, in a recording, of the fundamentals of a trumpet or trombone, without the overtones to give them roundness.

Brilliance. A close kin of the preceding, save that it is less a term of opprobrium . . . usually qualified by "excessive."

Clangy. Commonly related to keyboard instruments, particularly the piano, where it implies a stress on percussive contact, also with insufficient overtones.

Clarity. That nice adjustment of elements in which the *individual* elements of an ensemble—string quartet, voice and piano, or full symphony orchestra—reach the ear in just proportions and with proper equality of timbres.

Consonance. An intensified state of the preceding, in which there is a smooth *blend* of elements, as well as individual clarity.

Depth. Clarity plus consonance, in a resonant frame suggestive of the concert hall.

Dryness. Insufficient resonance, though not excluding clarity; but rarely including consonance.

8-H. The apotheosis of dryness *and* clarity. A term engendered by the famous NBC studio in New York's Radio City where so many Toscanini recordings have been made. Here the reverberation period (*q.v.*) is extremely short, the sound dying away almost immediately a bow leaves the strings, or a pedal damps the piano. Somewhat ameliorated due to recent corrective measures, but still a phonographic byword.

Fidelity. The philosopher's stone of reproduction. Often approached, but rarely achieved. Hi-Fi is a cant term for reproduction which strives scientifically for what is, yet, the unattainable.

Ffrr. Full Frequency Range Recording. Trade term used by English Decca (now London) to describe its innovation in recording, where—we are assured—the tonal gamut from 40 to 14,000 cpm is rendered without attenuation.

Fuzzy. A property not unlike "blast," but of lesser intensity. May apply to a voice reproduction or string tone.

Level (Volume). The fulcrum on which the intensity of a recording rests. High-volume-level recording accentuates the strength of the original signal (*q.v.*); low volume depletes it. A "normal" level would give back the sound (by my definition) exactly as it strikes the microphone.

Monitored, Monitoring. The process of introducing, by mechancal means, alterations in the dynamic pattern of a performance. Sometimes employed because it is feared the signal will fall below the level desirable for convenient reproduction, or exceed the margin-for-error in cutting. The best records are those in which the conductor, or performer, supervises his own dynamics, without nervous hands on the dials.

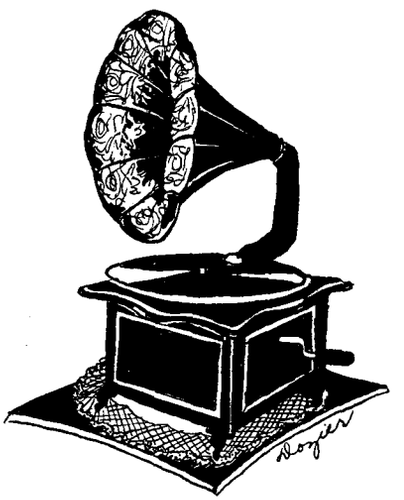
Over-Amplified. A cognate of level, in which the sound is mechanically rendered to the wax, or acetate, in a magnified form. Sometimes utilized to make a Melton sound like a Tagliavini, or a Tagliavini like a Gigli.

Peak. A distortion in a recording, or reproductive system, in which some frequencies—usually those around 5,000 or 6,000 cycles—have undue prominence. Sometimes introduced in the bass range to give the effect of "realism."

Presence. The reproductive equivalent of a photographic close-up. May also be described as a "fade-in" on a solo instrument in an ensemble . . . bringing it closer to the ear, without exaggerating it in volume or distorting balance.

Retention. A useful term in re piano recording — the desirable full-length of string vibrates in a recording so described, without blast or clang.

Reverberation Period. A scientific measuring rod for the resonant characteristics of a hall. Thus, 8-H would have an uncommonly short



one, the auditorium used for Vienna orchestra recordings an exaggeratedly long one (resulting in echo), Kingsway Hall (where many ffrr discs originate) about the ideal.

Shallow. Clear sound may be well balanced and yet shallow—a lack of overtones, or a short reverberation period, could be the cause of this.

Signal. The vibrations—whether solo violin or symphony orchestra—which it is desired to reproduce. Often used in the expression "signal to noise ratio," as scientific measurement of the permissible surface sound or other background disturbance which may be tolerated in a successful recording.

Thin. Akin to shallow, usually descriptive of recording which has clarity and balance, but insufficient overtones.

Tubby. A sound of sufficient resonance, but ill-defined in its acoustical background—like a violin played in a dressing room. (I have, so I know.)

Wiry. A pick-up in which the strings (usually) are too close to the microphone, resulting in accentuated metallic vibrations, as it might sound to the player's ear but not—he hopes—as it sounds to the audience.

—THE EDITOR.

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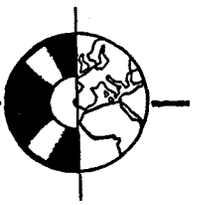
THE OTHER SIDE



(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

I HAVE had the opportunity, during the last few days, of listening to LP discs at leisure for the first time. The results surprised and delighted me and some others who shared this highly interesting experience. Our immediate reaction was to feel that LP is indeed the greatest step forward in the gramophonic field since the advent of electric recording. I was able to indulge in a game beloved by *SRL* RECORDINGS, that of comparing LP and 78 versions of the same performance, in this case Ravel's "Concerto for the Left Hand." LP gave a far more extended treble range resulting on the one hand in wonderfully realistic contra-bassoon tone at the very beginning of the work, and on the debit side giving a rather nasty clangy sound to the piano. We were unable to compare Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue" (on the reverse) to its 78 rpm counterpart, but the fidelity of this recording in its microgroove form was most impressive.

The British public is at last becoming LP-conscious by leaps and bounds, and many of those going in for new instruments at the present time are making sure that conversion to 33 1/3 rpm can be easily carried out when the time comes. The question now is merely "When?," and it is generally hoped that Decca, whose manufacture of LP discs for the American market is common knowledge, will force the issue at the earliest opportunity and thus compel HMV and Columbia to follow suit.

The September releases are relying on quantity rather than on quality, and I have rarely had to plough through so much mediocrity. Decca's so-called "Special Release," to which I referred last month, has largely contributed to this state of affairs. One cannot escape the conclusion that it represents a clearing out of unwanted factory stocks before the introduction of LP.

Sibelius is strongly represented by his Fifth and Seventh symphonies as well as by the tone poem "Tapiola" and the vulgar little "Karelia March" (on the odd side of the Fifth Symphony). The E minor Symphony, second only to the D major in popularity, is given a confident reading by the London Philharmonic under Leinsdorf, who secures some exciting moments from the brass, which are finely captured by ffrr. Sibelius specialists will, however, be more interested in the new recording of his last symphony which is considered by many to be his outstanding work. Not one of the previous attempts was wholly successful, and though Sir John Barbirolli is not normally regarded as an outstanding interpreter of the Finnish master's music, he has secured fine results from the Hallé Orchestra. HMV's recording is impressive even though it lacks some of the subtleties of ffrr. Yet even these subtleties are of little avail when the performance is as anemic as in the case of "Tapiola," played by the London Philharmonic under Basil Cameron; here Beecham or Koussevitzky remain preferable.

Decca's bulk release contains three of Haydn's finest symphonies, all in G major and all bearing famous nicknames, yet in spite of the clarity and sprightliness of the recording I cannot see any of them replacing existing versions in the public's favor. The best of them is No. 100 known as the "Military," in which the London Philharmonic is conducted by that admirable and reliable musician Eduard van Beinum. Unfortunately this recording was made before last season when he literally transformed this orchestra, and the playing is not altogether above reproach. Nos. 92 ("Oxford") and 94 ("Surprise") are played by the National Symphony under Royalton-Kisch and by the Suisse Romande under Dr. Leo Blech respectively; the performance in each case is barely adequate. The same applies to Beethoven's Seventh which Fistoulari recorded for Decca with the National Symphony Orchestra three years ago, but which has only just reached us. More enjoyable is another recording putting in a rather belated appearance, Mozart's rarely heard B flat Symphony, K.319. The playing, by a body calling itself the London Mozart Orchestra, is by no means flawless, but its conductor Anthony Collins invests the performers with a lively grace.

Dvorak's B minor Violoncello Concerto has always occupied a special place in my affections, even though it is a dangerous stumbling block for most cellists. Pierre Fournier is an excellent player and a sensitive musician into the bargain, but his performance—with Kubelik and a somewhat untidy Philharmonia Orchestra on HMV—is too effeminate for this essentially manly work. Anyone who dares to challenge comparison with Casals's celebrated recording deserves some credit for his courage, but it cannot be said that this new version comes within a mile of that unique performance.

Judging by the interest the public has already shown in Decca's new recording of Brahms's Double Concerto, there is a ready market for a good modern waxing of this rugged masterpiece. Unfortunately the playing by the late Georg Kulenkampff and Enrico Mainardi is lamentable, the Suisse Romande Orchestra under Schuricht sounds lame, and the recording is well below Decca's usual standard. The wonderful recent HMV set of Bach's E major Violin Concerto, in which Gioconda de Vito was the soloist, has been followed by the A minor work. Though Anthony Bernard (conductor) and Geraint Jones (harpsichordist) continue their good work, the young Hungarian violinist Tibor Varga is most disappointing; his hard, unsympathetic, and nervous playing is a poor substitute for de Vito's warmth and mastery, even though Columbia's recording would be difficult to improve on.

CONSIDERING its popularity on the concert platform it is surprising how few recordings of Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" have been made during recent years. I cannot say that I find Furtwängler's handling of the score at all congenial. He sentimentalises much of it and, by way of an example, turns the *andante con moto* of the fourth variation into *molto adagio*. However, those who have not found Toscanini's masterly reading to their liking may take more kindly to this Vienna Philharmonic performance on HMV. The second suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" has, on the other hand, received much attention from the record companies, and Columbia's latest effort by Kletzki and the Radiodiffusion Française Orchestra, while not without merit, simply cannot compare with the superlative Decca set of two years ago. Many of Sir Thomas Beecham's justly famous Delius recordings are now showing distinct signs of age and he is gradually replacing them. The latest piece to have its face lifted is "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring." It retains all the old magic.

Brahms's expansive G minor Piano Quartet has suffered something of an eclipse of late, and not even the erstwhile popular "Gipsy Rondo" has kept it in the regular concert repertoire. Columbia's new recording features Rudolf Serkin and members of the Busch Quartet, now appearing at

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the Edinburgh Festival; their performance bears the usual hallmark of profound musicianship, but I wish that the strings could have paid a little more attention to tone quality and intonation. Busch himself is often rough in the extreme and the viola produces a harsh and unpleasant sound most of the time. The recording, made here, is very good. Mozart's Violin-Viola Duos were written to help Michael Haydn in executing a commission when incapacitated by illness. The first of these fine pieces has now been superbly recorded on Parlophone by Szymon Goldberg and Frederick Riddle. I enjoyed nothing better this month than this grand music-making from two excellent instrumentalists.

Constant Lambert is best known as a conductor nowadays though he is primarily a composer as well as a witty and provocative writer on music. His best known composition is "The Rio Grande," a lively and colorful composition, frequently making use of the "jazzy" idiom, and altogether typical of the late Twenties into which it was born. Previously recorded about twenty years ago we are now given an excellently recorded version by Columbia under the composer's authoritative direction.

Among various operatic excerpts, the only one meriting discussion comes from "Don Giovanni." It is Elvira's great recitative and aria "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata." The recitative in particular contains some of the most moving and inspired writing in the whole opera and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf realizes Elvira's pathos to the full. Josef Krips handles the wonderful orchestral part with great distinction, but Columbia's recording is not worthy of such a performance.

For my last record this month I should like to forsake the straight and narrow path and commend to the attention of *SRL* readers two quite delightful Viennese songs. The titles are "Weiner Fiakerlied" and "Wenn der Hergott net will." They are charmingly sung by Erich Kunz (baritone), of the Vienna State Opera, with genuine Schrammel accompaniment. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

Some Highs and Lows

THE LOW FIDELITY LISTENER

IN AN earlier article this year (RECORDINGS, July) this department spoke of low fidelity and the musical ear's happy ability to make something out of almost nothing—to enjoy music in recorded form even when the sound itself, physically speaking, is but a fraction of the true music and that fraction infected with numerous virulent tonal poisons whose ancestry was never musical at all. That article defended the Low Fidelity Listener and so will this. High fidelity, as we have pointed out, is both a virtue and an obligation in the record industry, but low fidelity will always muddle through.

We have two quite distinct types of listeners in the audience for the new records. The huge majority of us are still, in spite of vaunted progress, Low Fidelity Listeners. That majority includes, I am quite certain, some of the most intelligent and best informed music lovers among us; it includes, I know, some of our better critics and even a number of our record manufacturers who, before my very ears, have demonstrated their newest wares in the best Low Fidelity tradition! No lack of brains nor appreciation here; the Low Fidelity Listener is the finest market the phonograph companies have. We who belong to this distinguished majority own, for the most part, one-piece commercial phonographs or combinations, new or not-so-new, or we have acquired player attachments that work through older equipment of the sort. Unless I miss my guess, this great army of high-minded listeners has largely followed convenience via the portable or table-model machine—guaranteed by Dame Nature herself to eliminate all true bass from somewhere near middle C downwards. Hundreds of thousands of us have never heard a tonal squeak, treblewards, above 5000 cycles, and plenty hear no sound above 3000 from their records—though the original music included hearable sound well up into the ten to fifteen thousand range.

Thus, unless I miss a further guess, an Ivory-soap proportion of us, at least 99.44%, have never heard at all the rich, complex, exasperating, exciting world of sound that makes life dizzy for the Number Two kind of listener, the Hi-fi man, professional or amateur, that makes grist for the critical mills of many a journal including this very one. And this because many of the crucial qualities that make or break the full-throated sound labelled "Wide Range" are found entirely within those tonal areas that simply do not exist for the Low Fidelity Listener! A great virtue, let it be said, and a saver of nerves. So, at least, we have reason to argue. What we can't hear will never hurt us and what we don't know we will not miss. To us, the Low Fidelity Listeners, the new records technically speaking fall into one huge, happy category, mechanically satisfactory. Reduced to the common mean of low fidelity, built up to size via the marvelous restorative powers of the intelligent ear, the worst records compete easily with the best, and this I mean quite seriously. It is a fact.

Then how can the Low Fidelity Listener be the discriminating buyer that he is, if technically most records fall into a common mean? The biggest answer is, of course, not this department's immediate concern—music. Music itself, as every musical person can say, is able to penetrate in a trice all barriers of low fidelity. A good piece, a good performance, can be judged as weightily whether the playing be squawk box or through a roomful of Hi-fi equipment. A baffling thing, this, to the engineering mind.

And not only music. If the Low Fidelity Listener can hear but a segment of his LP record, there are still numerous technical aspects (to be sure, not unrelated to music itself) which like music penetrate the thickest fog of poor reproduction and register just as unerringly, pro and con. Lump these factors together under the heading of Space-Illusion, that sense of fitness, of naturalness which is the technical result of room acoustics, of the balance between instruments, and of microphone arrangement. These major concerns of the recording engineer are assessable instantly on the veriest runt of a phonograph, nor is wide-range, distortionless reproduction likely to change an opinion thus made. So, at least, is my experience and thus runs my explanation for the Low Fidelity Listener's highly critical appreciation of the recording art. The deficiencies of the new slow records—may all engineers realize—are largely of the sort that are completely inaudible to the average listener; their virtues, on the other hand, are those which penetrate through every loudspeaker, the plainest as well as the fancy. Is it any wonder that low fidelity is a success? —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Basie, Count: "Slider." RCA Victor 47-3032, 68¢.	An old-fashioned Basie performance, in the manner of such a "riff" classic as "Miss Thing," proving that the spirit is there when the flesh is willing. Overside James (Ample) Rushing delivers a typical blues speciality "Wine-O," with the flourish of his best days. Particularly potent sound on the 45 rpm.
Beneke, Tex: "The One Who Gets You." RCA Victor 47-2989, 68¢.	Sharp performance by Beneke and helpers — the Moonlight Serenaders in particular — of a likely new ballad, in the old Miller tradition of song-styling: in which arrangement, spirit. and personnel blend perfectly. Good vocal by Maestro Tex on this. With it is "Blues in the Night March" in which the durable Mercer-Arlen tune is given the Dixieland street-parade treatment.
Brown, Les: "Joltin' Joe DiMaggio." Columbia 38554, 63¢.	Timely revival of a musical diamond (baseball variety) of purest ray serene, stimulated no doubt by recent paean in praise of J. Robinson. Considerable possibility that two discs may be theme songs of rival sides in Fall Classic (sometimes known as World Series). With it is another Brown favorite: "Nickel Serenade," with famous vocal by Betty Bonney. Gravely, the disc notes "Recorded Aug. 8, 1941," for DiMaggio opus, "Recorded Aug. 8, 1941," for "Serenade," making "Aug. 8, 1941" famous in other ways than Hitlerian.
Desmond, Johnny: "Don't Cry Joe." MGM 10518, 63¢.	Melancholy doings by the usually spirited Johnny, for which there may be another word in the bright lexicon of youth, such as "dreamy" or its 1949 equivalent. Equally somnolent style in the overside "The Last Mile Home." Tony Mottola presides over the associated instrumentalists.
Harvey, June: "Just for Fun." MGM 10515, 63¢	Livingston and Evans, who did something remarkable with "Buttons and Bows" are in a more mundane mood here, with no elevating assistance from La Harvey. Overside she delivers a rhetorical question in a class-conscious opus called "Cheap Cigars," asking "Is there anything worse than cheap cigars?". There is an answer, but I am too much of a gentleman to give it.
MacRae, Gordon: "Wonderful One." Capitol 57-723, 79¢.	Those who don't remember a slim, boyish Morton Downey (yes, both) dressed in a white sailor suit (as a member of Paul Whiteman's "S. S. Leviathan Orchestra") singing this in a voiceless tenor—the microphone had just come in — may find MacRae quite a singer. We'll settle for memory, and Downey. Overside he operates on "I Want You to Want Me to Want You," which is the lyric delight the title forewarns.
Martin, Dean: "Vieni Su." Capitol 57-726, 79¢.	More in the sleepy tempo of "Don't Cry Joe" (see above), which suggests that tastes in pop tunes are verging on the inanimate. Martin is a pleasant singer, who manages the unlikely feat of sustaining interest to the end of this slumberous opus. With it is "The Lucky Old Sun," in which both the tempo and the interest pick up. Here Martin shows a sense of pulse that may make him an engaging singer, given proper material. Paul Weston's orchestra, with a particularly able trumpeter, takes half a chorus with good results.
Monroe, Vaughn: "Silver Lining Songs." RCA Victor album P246, $3.25.	Thanks to the recent film called "Look for the Silver Lining," Monroe has been privileged to exercise his orchestra and voice in six of the choicer songs of the between-wars' period: "Who," "Time on My Hands," "Avalon," "A Kiss in the Dark," and the slightly unchronological "Shine on Harvest Moon" as well as the Kern title tune. The arrangements are all good, the orchestra plays well, and — for an eye-opening change — Monroe sings in a manner to make quibbles questionable.
Noble, Ray: "Dance Parade." Columbia LP 6065, $2.85.	Minus dialogue and sound effects, Noble has a chance to perform his syncopated sorcery unimpeded by the excess verbal baggage that made his recent "Happy Birthday" and "Anniversary" LP's alternately enjoyable and tedious. Snooky Lamson is heard in "The Very Thought of You," Larry Stewart in "Sleepy Time Gal," Howard Phillips in "By the Waters of the Minnetonka," and Lamson again in "It Might As Well Be Spring" and "Goodnight Sweetheart." Nobody sings in "Cherokee," which is fine with me.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

"Geon" International

SIR: In your column IMPRESSIONS . . . conveying the good news that London LP's are now to be available, you speak of Geon as a British plastic. This is correct in that the synthetic resin used for LLP recordings is manufactured by British Geon Limited in Great Britain. However . . . it seems well to avoid the unintended but misleading implication that Geon is perhaps only a British plastic. British Geon Limited, affiliated with The Distillers Company Ltd. and B. Goodrich Chemical Company, began the manufacture of Geon plastics within the last few years, and has the right to use the trade name Geon in Great Britain. In the United States, Geon resins have been made for many years by B. F. Goodrich Chemical Company. . . . Several American manufacturers of recordings use Geon made by B. F. Goodrich Chemical Company.

P. C. JONES.

Cleveland, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To reader Jones, Field Technical Manager of B. F. Goodrich Chemical Company, our thanks for this amplification of our original information. The reference to "American manufacturers of recordings" who use Geon suggests a possible source of material for those who term their discs "unbreakable" but not Vinylite.*

Burke Biased?

SIR: I have just read the article entitled "45 Rpm—Second Phase" [RECORDINGS, Sept.] . . . and I feel impelled, after suffering in silence for some time, to assure you that at least one record purchaser has not accepted the Kolodin fiat that the abolition of the 45's is a consummation devoutly to be wished. . . . Granted, gentlemen, that the 45 rpm player is not an instrument of absolute perfection, handed down by benevolent Titans to show that Victor is blessed of the gods. But it is a good player—it changes records rapidly, it tracks exceptionally, and though it lacks a cut-off, it is capable of giving satisfactory reproduction. And the records are good, too—well above most 78's that I have heard, and I think easily equal to the LP. As to slippage, of which Mr. C. G. Burke (a gentleman who obviously regards Columbia in the light of a big brother) makes so much, I have found that while it occurred in a few albums at purchase, it can be easily corrected, and provided that one does not store his records in an oven, that it has a relatively slight tendency to recur.

When the editors of RECORDINGS do find time to give some attention to 45's I discover a divided attitude. Either the reviewer figuratively spits upon the Victor system, or regards it as the biggest laugh since Nelson Eddy tried to sing the Chanson du Toreador. It is here, I guess, that my principal argument with RECORDINGS comes, for I am greatly desirous to find (and have not yet found) a *Saturday Review* writer who is willing to consider 45 rpm as a serious attempt to evolve a new and more satisfactory system of phonographic reproduction. You may not believe me, gentlemen, but that is what it is. Victor may not be the brightest company in the world, but they don't spend *that* much money just to provide you with yaks.

WILLIAM H. DICKEY.

Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If Mr. Burke is in any filial relation to Columbia, it would certainly be of third cousin twice removed, to recall some of the objections that were entered when he commented adversely last spring on some of the earlier LP's. As for the attitude of* RECORDINGS *on the merits of 45 rpm as "a new and more satisfactory system of phonographic reproduction," may I cite the following impartial, eminently commercial, and objective dissenters: Mercury, Concert Hall, Cetra, Vox, English Decca, American Decca, even Capitol?*

Schönberg Discs

SIR: Congratulations on your Schönberg "boost" on this most auspicious occasion. May I register a few corrections and additions to the discography? There are only four quartets, not six, in the Kolisch series. . . . And the most recent composition of Schönberg to be recorded is his contribution "Postlude" to the "Genesis" suite commissioned by Shilkret and recorded by Werner Janssen. . . . Of course this list is still too short. Let us hope that public demand will help expand it. That would be a very practical kind of commemoration of Schönberg's seventy-fifth birthday!

DIKA NEWLIN.

Petersborough, N. H.

In Re Cebotari

SIR: As one who mourns the death of Maria Cebotari because she was a personal friend, I should like to add a little to the remarks of Thomas Heinitz [RECORDINGS, Sept.]. Maria Cebotari was one of those rare singers who possess all the qualities demanded by the perfectionists, a beautiful voice, thoroughly trained and capable of infinite expression, real acting ability, and an enchanting stage presence. . . . A conductor's delight because she was so willing to give of herself to her art, she knew every role it was at all possible for her voice to encompass, and, though of prima donna rank, was ever willing to step in at a moment's notice.

EDITH FAIGMAN.

New York, N. Y.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	You're Breaking My Heart (D)	South Pacific (C)	Le Cor—Pinza (C)	Music of Chopin (C-LP)
BOSTON				
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Never See Maggie (Coral)	South Pacific (C)	Dream of Olwen (C)	Salome (C)
CHICAGO				
(*Hudson-Ross, Inc.*)	Jealous Heart (L)	South Pacific (C)	Moonlight Sonata — Paderewski (RCA)	Rachmaninoff Concerto #2 (RCA)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	Tony Martin album (MGM)	Cavalleria — Bjoerling (RCA)	Nobilissima Visione (C-LP)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Again (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bohème — Sack (CT)	Beethoven Triple Concerto (C-LP)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Music of Chopin (C-LP)
DETROIT				
(*Campus Record Shop*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	I Vespri, Overture (HMV)	Variations on a Nursery Theme (C-LP)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Façade (C)
(*Grinnell Bros.*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
KANSAS CITY				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	Songs Without Words (Cap)	Ritual Fire Dance (RCA)	Dances Not for Dancing (RCA)
MEMPHIS				
(*Words and Music*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Student Prince Serenade (C)	Brahms Hungarian Dances (C-LP)
NASHVILLE				
(*Hillsboro Record Shop*)	Lucky Old Sun (M)	Songs Without Words (Cap)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Jalousie (RCA)	Gaité Parisienne (C)
(*Van Husen Music Co.*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Fauré Pavane (C)	Salome (C)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Some Enchanted Evening (C)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas Brasileiras (C)	Hamlet (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	Some Enchanted Evening (C)	South Pacific (C)	Thais, Final Scene (RCA)	Salome (C)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Fedora — Gigli (RCA)	Scheherezade (C-LP)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Scotch Hot (L)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Salome (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Mozart Bassoon Concerto (RCA)
OMAHA				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Blue Skirt Waltz (C)	South Pacific (C)	Le Cor — Pinza (C)	Salome (C-LP)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Bros.*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Bohème — Lanza (RCA)	Francesca da Rimini (C-LP)
(*The Record Shop*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Songs Without Words (RCA)	Salome (C)
PORTLAND				
(*The Record Shop*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	Wayfaring Stranger (C)	Berceuse—Melton (RCA)	Schubert Octet (L)
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Roomful of Roses (D)	South Pacific (C)	Jalousie (RCA)	Chopin Favorites (RCA)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Bluebird of Happiness (RCA)	Grieg Piano Concerto (C)

Compiled as of September 9, 1949.

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol CT—Capitol-Telefunken D—Decca HMV—His Master's Voice
L—London M—Mercury RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: With what seems by now monotonous regularity, the original-cast waxing of "South Pacific" still appears on the ballots of almost every dealer reporting. There are but three defections this month. Elsewhere, Vic Damone's version of "You're Breaking My Heart" is the leader among popular singles, with the perennial "Clair de Lune" and "Bachianas Brasileiras" vying for this honor among the classical singles. In the classical album category the Welitsch-Reiner recording of the last scene from "Salome" is a clear favorite.

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Some of the current releases produced on VINYLITE *Brand Plastic*

Andalucia (Lecuona)—The First Piano Quartet and Aragonesa. *Victor Record 49-0318.*

Anderson, Judith, in "Medea." *Decca Album DAU-12.*

Aufenthalt and Ave Maria (Schubert)—Marian Anderson, Contralto, with Franz Rupp at the Piano. *Victor Record 49-0136.*

Brahms: Piano Sonata No. 1 in C Major, Op. 1—Ray Lev, pianist. *Concert Hall Society Record No. 5.*

Brahms: Quintet for Clarinet and Strings, Op. 115—Stuyvesant String Quartet and Alfred Gallodoro, Clarinetist. *Concert Hall Society Record No. 4.*

Encores—The First Piano Quartet. *Victor Record WMO-1263.*

Frankie Carle Presents Roses in Rhythm: "Roses of Picardy," "My Wild Irish Rose," "Mexicali Rose," "Rose of Washington Square," "Honeysuckle Rose," "Rose Room," "Only A Rose," "One Dozen Roses." Frankie Carle, piano, with Rhythm Section. *Columbia Record CL-6032.*

Grand Canyon Suite (Grofe)—Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra. *Victor Record WDM-1038.*

Hamlet (Shakespeare)—Soliloquies—John Gielgud. *Decca Album DAU-7.*

Hawaiian Melodies: "Hilo Hattie," "Hawaii Will Be Paradise Once More," "Princess Poo-Poo-Ly," "Sing Me A Song of the Islands," "The Cockeyed Mayor of Kaunakakai," "Ua Like No A Like," "Song of the Mynah Bird," "Aloha Oe." Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians featuring Hilo Hattie. *Columbia Record CL-6030.*

Khachaturian, Aram: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra—Louis Kaufman, Violinist, with the Santa Monica Symphony, Jacques Rachmilovich, Conductor. *The Concert Hall Society Record No. 2.*

Music to Remember—Jose Iturbi, Pianist. *Victor Record WDM-1110.*

Prokofiev: Classical Symphony in D Major, Op. 25. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. *Columbia Record ML-2035.*

Songs of Erin: "Where The River Shannon Flows," "Molly Malone," "Mother Machree," "A Little Bit of Heaven," "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "Macushla," "My Wild Irish Rose," "That's An Irish Lullaby." Kate Smith, Orchestra under the direction of Jack Miller. *Columbia Record CL-6031.*

Sequence in Jazz: "Summer Sequence," "Lady McGowan's Dream," "Everywhere," "Back Talk." Woody Herman and his Orchestra. *Columbia Record CL-6026.*

Tales from the Old Country (Scholem Aleichem) Howard Da Silva. *Decca Album DU-5.*

Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 2—Shura Cherkassky, pianist; Santa Monica Symphony, Jacques Rachmilovich, Conductor. *Concert Hall Society Record No. 3.*

Vivaldi: The Four Seasons—Louis Kaufman, Violinist; Henry Swoboda, Conductor, Concert Hall String Orchestra. *Concert Hall Society Record No. 1.*

Waltzing with Romberg—Sigmund Romberg and his Orchestra. *Victor Record WMO-1154.*

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